



TITANIA'S



GREY FAIRY



PALACE



• SAINT-NICHOLAS •

• BRADSTOCK-LOCKETT •

• SAGNES • S • CHAD •

• SAINT-MARTIN •

BROTHERS

& SISTERS


H-M
QUEEN
ALEXANDRA
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GREY FAIRY





THE DORIA LANTERN AND THE CRYSTAL TEAR

GREY FAIRY
AND
TITANIA'S PALACE

BY
NEVILE WILKINSON

AUTHOR OF "YVETTE IN ITALY"

WITH TWENTY-FIVE ILLUSTRATIONS

My other Country, Country of my soul!
In thee my Fancy's pleasant walks have been,
Telling her tales, while Memory wept between.

E. B. BROWNING

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TO
BEATRIX

Never was woman on earth more true as woman and wife ;
Larger in judgement and instinct, gentler in manners and life.

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OPINIONS OF THE FAIRYLAND PRESS

“ A book written by a man of a leaden heart for the baseness of the errors, that are without wit or reason, and of a brazen forehead, for his impudent boldness in reporting things fabulous and incredible.”—*Gnomic Groan*.

“ I shouldn’t have put that one in,” said Yvette, with decision; “ there are lots of nice ones.”

“ And it doesn’t really matter what the *Groan* says,” added Marietta, “ because it’s going to be suppressed.”

“ I’m much too shy to put in the opinion of the *Fairy Whisper!* ” said the author.

OYEZ OYEZ OYEZ

Titania Q.

THE MOST INDUSTRIOUS ORDER OF
THE FAIRY KISS

To All and Singular as well Humans as Fairies Gnomes Sprites and Elves of Good Intent I TITANIA Queen of All the Fairies send due Salutation and Greeting

Whereas it hath been ordained by the Statutes of Our Most Industrious ORDER OF THE FAIRY KISS that certain Qualified and Approved Humans may be admitted into the aforesaid Most Industrious Order and further that such Qualification and Approbation shall be obtained only by those who have rendered signal service to the NEGLECTED, UNHAPPY or CRIPPLED CHILDREN of their race

Know Ye therefore that I the said TITANIA Queen of the Fairies Sovereign of The aforesaid Most Industrious Order do by These Presents Declare and Ordain that every Human who shall duly complete and forward the FORM which in accordance with Our Command has been placed at the End of the Volume entitled GREY FAIRY AND TITANIA'S PALACE shall thereby become Eligible for Admission into Our aforesaid Most Industrious Order.

Given under Our Hand and Seal at Our Hall of the Fairy Kiss in Our Palace.



AUTHOR'S NOTE

I HOPE historians will forgive me for translating the tomb of Andrea Doria from the Church of San Matteo in Genoa to San Fruttuoso. In this story the old Admiral lies among his ancestors, and close to the square tower he built for the protection of the villagers against Turkish raiders.

Yvette tells me that she and Marietta are quite certain he won't mind.

"They'll see why when they've read the book," she adds, with a nod of her wise little head.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY

YVETTE, the Heroine, aged 13. } Travellers.
MARIETTA, her Friend, aged 12. }
THE PAINTER, their Courier.
LEONIDAS K. HOFFMANN, a rich American.
INEZ, his daughter, aged 14.
JACQUELINE, rightful Countess d'Ossude de St. André, aged 9.
CHRISTIAN, her Cousin, aged 11.
THE ABBÉ of San Fruttuoso.
MR. WILLIAM DAVIES, Chauffeur of Grey Fairy.
CAPTAIN ANGUS }
MR. JOHN GOLDRING, the Mate } of the Steam Yacht *Fairyland*.
NANNY, a Nurse.
and last, but not least,
PRINCE CHING, The Pekinese.

The Scene is laid principally between Holyhead and Trapani.

CHAPTER I

GREY FAIRY

'Twere hard to name, in minstrel phrase
A landaulette. . . .

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

“ SHE won’t be long now,” said the Painter, as the Irish mail-boat with her curling trail of smoke passed round the outer pier at Holyhead.

He and Marietta were standing on the edge of the landing stage, bravely facing the wind of a chilly day in February.

“ Let me see,” he went on, “ it must be about five months since we saw her last : she’ll have grown, won’t she ? ”

“ Wouldn’t it be as well,” said Marietta, her crimson cheeks peeping up from a nest of fur, “ if you were to give people who haven’t read *Yvette in Italy* some idea who she is and tell them something about her.”

“ That’s quite a good idea,” the Painter agreed. “ Let’s see, how will this do ? Yvette is a little girl with very dark hair, which was bobbed when we saw her last ; rather tall and slim ; about . . . How old is she now ? ”

“ She was thirteen last May. You have got a bad memory ! Don’t you remember we both had our birthdays at the Torre della Pace ? Dear Torre, how I wish we were going there again ! But she isn’t a little girl,” she added indignantly.

“ Well then, how would you describe her ? And you may as well describe us too while you’re about it,” said the Painter.

"Yvette's a darling and I simply love her," said Marietta. "She's awfully clever and very pretty, with lovely hair all black and wavy. And she's a Girl Guide. And she came out to Florence with us, and she and I and Beppo and Maria were all painted into your big picture, Cupid's Court, which Mr. Hoffmann bought."

"You must be quick, because the steamer's nearly in," interrupted the Painter.

"It doesn't much matter about you and me," said Marietta; "I'm just Yvette's friend, and I was twelve last September, and I'm wearing the lovely Lily of Florence you gave me under my coat; I always look at it every morning: and I haven't broken the little china frog Maria gave me. And you sent me a lovely fur coat for Christmas, it's so comfy," she added, rubbing her cheek on the soft collar.

"I don't know how to describe you exactly, you're such a lot of things all rolled up in one: you see. . . . There's Yvette!" she cried. "I'm sure it's her, waving her handkerchief."

The big steamer drew silently up to the sturdy piles and a group of passengers pressed against the white railing. Among them a slim little figure was prominent, frantically waving a handkerchief.

A few seconds later there was a scrunching squeak as the vessel came to rest: a pause while gangways were hauled into position; and then the black group overflowed in a thin stream on to the landing stage.

You can imagine the rapturous greetings between Yvette, Marietta, and the Painter. The pleasure of meeting seemed to make parting worth while.

Nanny came in for her share too, as she came off the gangway with her bag and a bundle of wraps. For she had agreed to take charge once again, and had picked up Yvette in Dublin as arranged.

"Where are we going this time?" cried the girls, after the excitement of greeting had subsided: "You *must* tell us now!"

"I've been so excited ever since I got your letter saying every-

thing was settled and Nanny would call for me," said Yvette, "that I've been singing Garibaldi's Hymn all day, like old Carlo did at the Torre. They would have thought I was dotty, only they weren't sure it wasn't Irish!"

A few minutes later the party was seated in the train which takes you from the pier to Holyhead Town Station.

"Now I'll disclose the awful secret which has been on my mind for the last week," said the Painter. "You've apparently guessed that we are to have another trip together. We're going to pay a visit to the land of olives and sunshine: not to Florence this time; but you'll see some familiar faces. We're to stay with Mr. Hoffmann, our American friend, and his daughter Inez, at their villa near Rapallo."

"How lovely!" said Yvette. "Is it as far as Florence, and shall we stay in Paris again?"

"We had an awfully long journey in the train last time," added Marietta.

"We don't pass through Paris, but Rapallo is nearly as far as Florence," said the Painter. "Now I've got a real surprise for you," he continued, "we're not going in the train at all!"

"Surely we're not going to fly there in an aeroplane," said Yvette.

"It'll be a long way to walk," added Marietta, looking doubtfully at her boots.

"You're both wrong," said the Painter triumphantly; and he went on very slowly so that the two girls might grasp his meaning: "we—are—going—the—whole—way—in—a—lovely—motor-car!"

Yvette and Marietta looked at each other, but they couldn't find words to express their feelings; they only gave a long "o-o-o-oh," which told the Painter more than any number of words.

Then, when the full glory of the prospect burst upon them, the two little tongues were loosened and the Painter was overwhelmed with a torrent of questions.

"Is it a big motor-car? . . . How long will it take? . . . Where is it now?"

But luckily, just at that moment, their train drew up at the Holyhead Town Station.

"We get out here," said the Painter, "and it's time for luncheon."

So they left their luggage in charge of the hall porter and were soon comfortably settled in the dining room of the Station Hotel.

"Now I can give you some particulars," said the Painter; "first of all you must know that, before we left Florence, Mr. Hoffmann asked me to bring you out to a villa he has taken at a place called Porto-Fino, near Rapallo, to pay him a visit.

He seems to think that you two little addlepaters are good companions for his clever daughter Inez: I really can't tell you why, but he does!"

"I don't see anything odd about that," said Marietta stoutly; "we know a lot more Italian than she does."

"And she never folds up her own clothes," added Yvette.

"Well, we won't argue about that now," said the Painter, and he went on: "I didn't tell you about this invitation at the time, because I knew how disappointed you would be if anything happened to prevent our going."

Luckily, the etchings I did at the Torre are selling very well, so I'm able to go for another trip abroad. But don't imagine that we poor artists can afford motor-cars! Oh dear no: that part of the entertainment is just a bit of luck.

Hoffmann's new car, automobile I suppose we should call it, came from Coventry a week ago. He wants it brought down to his villa at Porto-Fino: so, like the kind friend he is, he has offered us the use of it all the way there. Isn't that splendid?"

"But where is it? . . . When shall we see it? . . . What is it like?"

"All in good time," said the Painter; "you must eat your luncheon first, and then you shall hear more about it."

So the two girls had to be content to wait.

Just when they had finished their meal, a smart looking chauffeur

came into the room and touched his cap politely to the Painter. "Everything's all ready, sir," he said.

"That's good," said the Painter, "we're longing to be off." Then turning to the two girls he added, "This is Mr. William Davies, who is going to pilot us all the way to Porto-Fino: nearly a thousand miles! This is Miss Yvette, and this is Miss Marietta," and the two shook hands with their new friend.

"What sort of a car is it? Is it a big one like the Rolls-Royce Mr. Hoffmann had at Florence?" asked Marietta.

"We had better come down and see for ourselves, it's just outside the hotel; wrap yourselves up well, for it's a frosty afternoon," and the Painter, followed by his party, went out into the courtyard.

There stood the Magic Carpet which was to carry them through Wales, England, France, and part of Italy.

"We must call her something," said Marietta, after they had gazed for some time in speechless admiration. "I suppose she hasn't got any special name."

"Not that I know of, Miss," said the chauffeur, smiling, "we call her the 15. Humber."

"That's not nearly nice enough," said Marietta, "do think of something; I'm sure Mr. Hoffmann won't mind."

"I know," said Yvette, "we'll call her GREY FAIRY."

CHAPTER II

SOUTHWARDS

Tary no longer ; toward thyn heritage
Haste on thy way, and be of right good chere ;
Go ech day onward on thy pilgrimage.

JOHN LYDGATE.

THE long grey car looked very attractive as she stood in front of the hotel, a gleam of winter sunshine turning the polished silver into dazzling fire.

Fresh from the workshops of the Humber Company, one of their newest designs, she stood with her lamps like great eyes half turned towards the south, as if wondering what was in store for her on the long white roads of France.

The Painter and Mr. Davies busied themselves with the luggage, while the two children gazed with ever-increasing interest at the chariot which was to be their home for days to come.

A few minutes after one o'clock a couple of warning honks on the horn and a droning buzz proclaimed to any of the world at large who might happen to be near Holyhead Town Station on the twenty-first day of February, in that year of grace in which our story opens, that the grey car, from which this tale takes its title, had begun its journey.

So they ran merrily in bright sunshine, past the stone walls and wind-blown tussocks of treeless Anglesea. On their left, masses of white clouds rose over the Irish Sea.

"Just like bundles of clothes back from the wash," said Marietta.

"That doesn't sound very poetic," said the Painter, "but now

I come to think of it, bundles do describe them. Yvette, fresh from Ireland, will remember the line:

The wind has bundled up the clouds high over Knocknarae.

Clouds like that are called 'cumulus,' " he went on, " the funny little wisps you see in summer skies are called 'cirrus,' while the long, streaky ones you often see at sunset are called 'stratus.' There's something for you to remember! "

Away to their right towered the mountains of North Wales, capped with snow.

" They don't look very formidable after the mountains we saw round Lucerne," said the Painter, " but they're quite a respectable height. I'm sure one of you can tell me the name of the extra big one over there."

" I suppose it's Snowdon," said Yvette, a little doubtfully; she wasn't very sure of her geography yet.

" It's snowed on now, anyhow," said Marietta, with decision; but the others didn't take any notice, because remarks like that are apt to put even the best motor-car out of order.

They crawled slowly over the high suspension bridge which links the Island of Anglesea to the mainland, and had a splendid view of the famous tubular railway bridge close by.

" You might cross the Menai Straits in the train year after year, and never see what a wonderful bridge it is," said the Painter, " because it's all dark inside, just like a tunnel."

Then they serpentine over the Pass which leads through the mountain barrier of North Wales, skirting shale slopes thickly powdered with snow, dipped down into the valley of Bettws-y-Coed, the group of hotels there empty; then ran on and on until, the border country passed, they throbbed at last into the familiar lanes and hedgerows of England.

" The jolly part of travelling in a motor-car," said Yvette, as she snuggled down into her fur collar, " is that we can tell each other

stories and see all the country at the same time. Grey Fairy slips along so softly and quietly that we can hear what you say quite easily."

"I'm simply longing to know what the Man has done to Titania's Palace, and I'm sure Yvette is too," said Marietta.

"Let me think," said the Painter, "the Vestibule leading into the great Throne Room, called the Hall of the Guilds, was finished, and he was just starting on the Hall of the Fairy Kiss, which, as you can see by the plan, is just to the right of it. That is the room which ought to interest you both as Rose-Maidens of the Order."

"Rose-Maidens indeed!" cried both his companions in one breath.

"Didn't you know that we've both been Star-Maidens since Christmas?" said Yvette indignantly. "I found mine in my stocking, and I'm wearing it now under my fur coat."

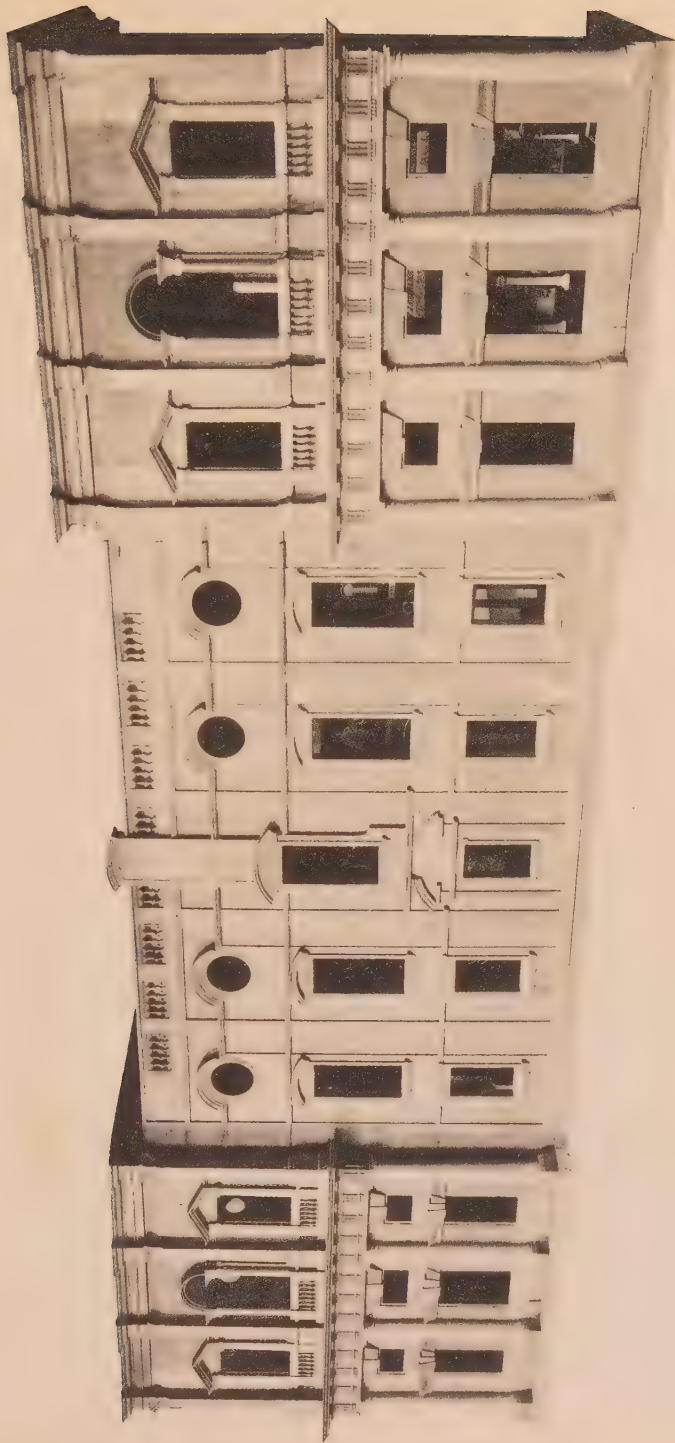
"I humbly beg your pardon," said the Painter, "now I come to think of it, the Man did say something about Titania having invested you: but my memory is getting very bad.

As I was saying, the Man had started the Hall of the Fairy Kiss, which leads into the Chapel. Now both the Hall and the Chapel are nearly finished, and here are the photographs. You can look at them while I go on with the story; but be careful they don't blow away!

Titania used often to visit the Man's workshop to see how things were getting on. One day he noticed that she seemed rather upset. 'Is anything the matter, ma'am?' he asked, politely.

'I don't know what's to be done about the two open arches over the staircase,' said the Queen thoughtfully, 'they look very nice and I wouldn't like to fill them up. But the Royal Children are really very naughty about them, they will flash through while visitors are arriving; and it's so undignified! I had a number of most important insects to look over the Palace the other night, and I feel sure that some of them were quite annoyed about it.'

'Couldn't we put in some bars, or something like that?' suggested the Man, 'glass would look out of place, I'm afraid.'



FAÇADE OF TITANIA'S PALACE

' Oh, I wouldn't like glass,' said Titania quickly, ' I want plenty of air ; but bars wouldn't be any good, because they don't keep out fairies, unless they're made of gold or silver. I really couldn't ask you to go to all that expense! '

' I'm afraid gold is out of the question,' he answered, ' but I believe I've got some old silver coins somewhere, and a broken cigarette case.'

' Won't it be a pity to melt down the coins if they're old ones? ' said the Queen.

' They're only the out of date five-franc pieces hotel people always gave you in change when you were just leaving France. They don't now because they only use paper. The coins will do splendidly to make into bars for the two openings.'

So the man set to work and you see the result."

" I wondered why they were put there," said Yvette, " because it's much too high for anyone to climb up."

" You may be sure that the Man had a good reason for everything he did," said the Painter, " all good architects have."

" Oh, was he an architect? " said Yvette, looking rather puzzled. " I thought he was a soldier."

" My dear, if you ask so many questions we'll never get on with the story," said the Painter, and he continued, " the bars, or grilles, as they are called, are fine craft-work, because, although they look like lace, they are really very strong, as all metal work should be. The Man put up the handrails on the staircases in copper because they didn't matter."

" I don't like that kind of staircase," said Marietta, " you can't slide down the banisters. Now tell us something about that archway sort of thing with all the figures on it, please."

" That's the front part of the gallery where the band sits when there's a state ball or a banquet," said the Painter. " The staircase leads up to it, and the back part looks down on the Fountain Court.

The Man had an awful job rummaging among Titania's treasures

to find the figures; I'm afraid the Royal House of Fairyland received such lots of presents from their admirers, big and little, all over the world, that they were bundled into the Royal Treasury anyhow."

"I'm sure it isn't because fairies are untidy," said Yvette, "it's because they've never had a proper palace to keep them in until now; I expect that's why Titania's so pleased about it. I know how hard it is to keep things tidy when there are brothers and sisters running all over the place; and, oh dear, what a noise they do make: I could hardly write sense in my Christmas letter to you, they were playing circuses round my chair all the time!"

"The Man looked through the Royal birthday presents," continued the Painter, "until he found . . ."

"But do fairies have birthdays?" interrupted Yvette. "I always thought they didn't begin and didn't end sort of thing," she said doubtfully.

"Fairy children *must* have birthdays," said Marietta, with decision, "how ever could they get presents if they didn't?"

"I'm talking about the figures in the gallery, not fairy birthdays," said the Painter, and he went on. "After a long search the Man discovered four silver statues just exactly the size he wanted. As far as Titania could remember they were given by Marie dei Medici as a kind of 'Thank you' to the fairies for their help in making her favourite mirror; the one in the Louvre, you know. I don't suppose you know who they are meant to be."

Two little heads bent intently over the photographs.

"One's got a long hammer like the one Lizzie breaks the coals with, only bigger," said Yvette.

"Only one's got any clothes on to speak of," said Marietta solemnly.

"That's because they're what are called classical figures," said the Painter hastily, "it was always quite hot on the top of Olympus where they lived."

"Aeroplanes!" said both children.



THE MUSIC GALLERY

"Oh dear, oh dear, am I too far up in the clouds again for you to follow? I must try to make it simple. More than two thousand years ago the people who lived in Greece, and later on the people who lived in Italy, Romans they were called then, invented gods and goddesses, who were supposed to live on the top of a high mountain called Olympus. In many ways they were like fairies, for they could flash about anywhere they liked."

"Was Cupid up there?" asked Yvette.

"Indeed he was," said the Painter, "and he got into no end of scrapes. They had a page boy called Ganymede and a kind of telegraph boy called Mercury."

"That's the silvery stuff in thermometers, I heard Nanny say so," said Marietta incredulously.

"Quicksilver is called mercury after the telegraph boy, because they both run about so quickly. If you look carefully at the end figure on the right you'll see Mercury with wings on his hat, and wings on his ankles."

"Wouldn't they be splendid for winter sports," said Yvette; "but what a funny kind of thing he has in his hand, it looks all snaky and twisty."

"That is the wand he always carries," said the Painter; "it's made of two serpents twined round a stick."

"I'd much rather have an umbrella!" said Marietta. "Then there are two ladies. The one with not many clothes on who is scratching her neck . . ."

"My dear, my dear, how can you suggest such a thing!" exclaimed the Painter, horrified. "Goddesses never, never, never! scratch their necks. She is gracefully adjusting her mantle. The little round thing she has in her hand isn't a lawn tennis ball, as you were probably going to say. It's the golden apple which was given her by a young rascal called Paris; and if they called the town after him they can't expect it to be anything but flighty!"

"But you haven't told us her name," said Yvette, "she looks

to me a little like the big white lady we saw in the Louvre, only with arms on. Let me see, Venus, wasn't it? "

" Yes, I'm sure it's her!" cried Marietta, " you are clever, Yvette."

The Painter nodded. " Now there's only one left on the row," he went on, " the graceful lady in flowing robes, who appears to be scratching *her* neck with an arrow, as Marietta would say! "

" Well, I don't care," said Marietta, " it looks exactly as if she was from here."

" She used to have a bow in her other hand, but half of it is broken off," he went on. " Have a good look at her when you next go to see the palace, and you will see a little crescent, representing the moon, over her forehead. She is Diana, the huntress. But I don't think I told you the name of the old fellow with the coal-breaking hammer; he was Vulcan, the kind of village blacksmith up at Olympus. Venus used to hang about round the forge watching him make swords and things until the neighbours began to talk. The Man put him looking away from her as a punishment."

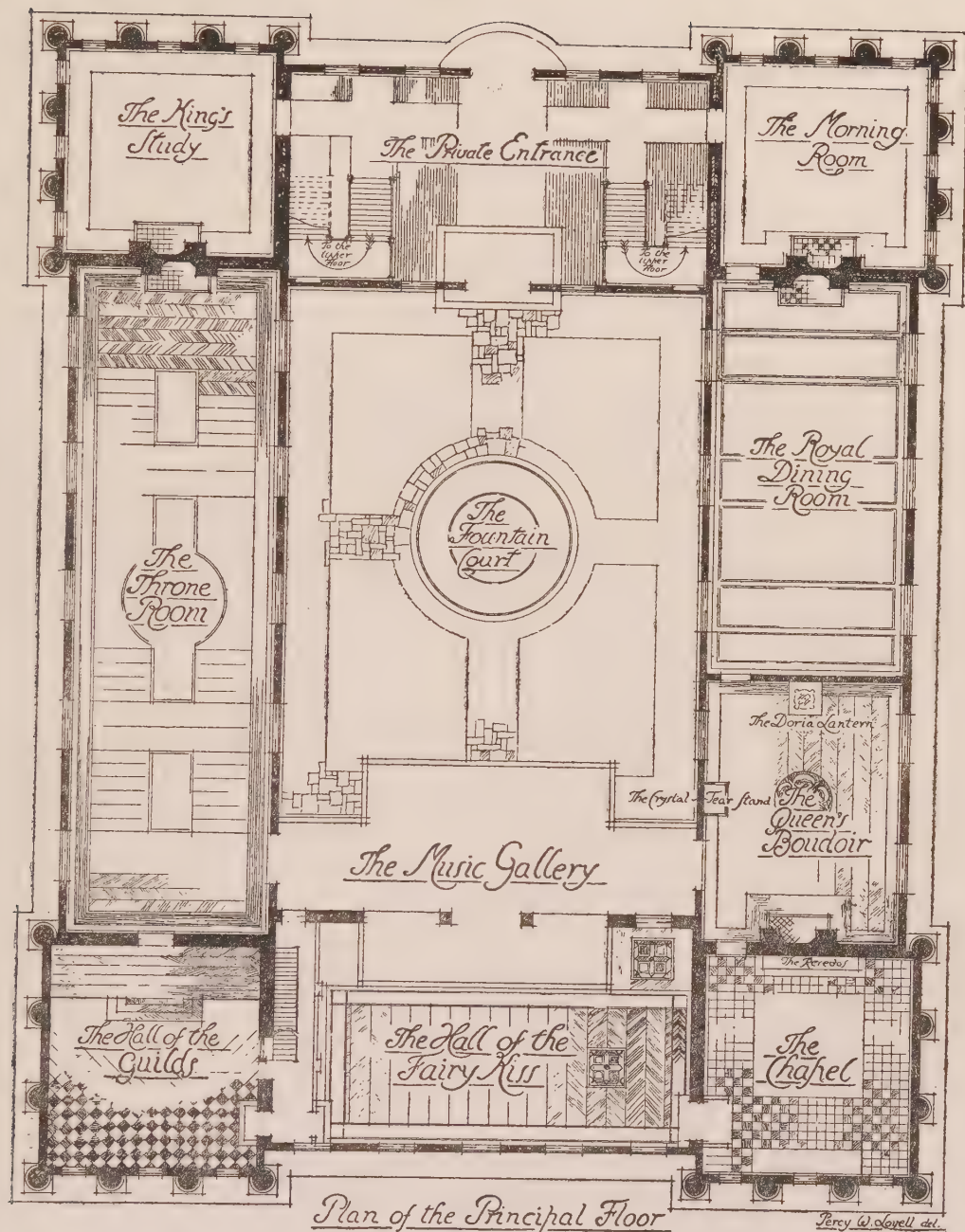
" He does look cross!" said Marietta.

Days are short in February, and twilight deepened into darkness as they hummed along the wide road which runs through the outskirts of Birmingham.

" What are those huge houses on fire for? " asked Yvette in an awestruck voice, as they came under the pall of smoke which overhangs the city, and into the glare of furnace after furnace spouting crimson flames into the air.

" They're called blast furnaces," said the Painter, " where the steel is melted so that the Vulcans of the present day can forge their weapons. You can imagine what a lot of coal it takes to keep them going."

" Whoever carries up all the scuttles!" said Marietta.



Scale of  inches.

CHAPTER III

CLEOPATRA'S TREASURE

Vain the childish joy, so soon elated
At the path we thought none else had found :
And the foolish ardour, soon abated
By the storm which cast us to the ground.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

AFTER an early breakfast our travellers left the great town of factories and furnaces and pulled out into the Warwick road. As they hummed along the smooth highway the keen air made them nestle down into their warm wraps.

“Your nose is getting red, Yvette,” said Marietta.

“My dear Marietta,” said the Painter, “in the first place we never call attention to such things; in the second place you must remember that for a very long time Yvette lived in the Land of Sun, so she feels the sharp wind more than we do. I wonder if she could tell us some of her adventures in Egypt?”

“That would be lovely,” said Marietta. “Please do, Yvette; your nose is only a nice kind of red, you know.”

So Yvette, who loved talking of the happy times she had spent in Alexandria, began the story of

CLEOPATRA'S TREASURE.

This isn't a touring story or a romance; it's just a tale of a party of children whose names were Gwyneth, John, Sonnie, Patsy, and Bill; Bill's me. Oh, and there was Baby too.

Gwyneth lived in the flat above ours. One afternoon she was

having tea with us, and we played games afterwards. As she was going upstairs again she said :

“ I'll tell you what, Bill, when Mummie comes home to-night I'll ask her if we can all go out on the beach together to-morrow, and whatever she says I'll write on a piece of paper and let it down with a string. As your window is just under mine, it will be easy won't it ? ”

Next morning I was up at daybreak, dressed and hanging out of the window. It faced east, so I watched the sun rise. The east was gold and blood-red, which merged into pink. Then with a burst, the sun was up and another day had begun. (I wasn't really looking at the sun at all ; I was eating a prickly pear an Arab boy had thrown up to me from the road, and my frock was all covered with prickles ; but I thought the sunrise sounded better in the story.)

Immediately the shutters above my head opened and a piece of paper tied to a string was lowered. I caught it eagerly and untied the note. It ran :

DEAR BILL,

I asked Mummie last night and she said—yes! Write by return post,
Love, GWYNETH.

I was jolly pleased as you may imagine, and wrote in return :

DEAREST GWYNETH,

Hurrah! bring your doll's pram and teddie and we'll have a splendid party.

Love, BILL.

I tied it to a string and Gwyneth pulled it up.

However, our plans came to an abrupt end. My Nannie, coming into the room, espied the piece of paper on the dressing-table. Picking it up she saw the name Gwyneth.

“ I wonder what mischief they're up to now,” she thought ; then, raising her voice, called, “ Miss Yvette, what's this ? ”

“ It's . . . it's . . . a letter,” I managed to gasp.

“ What! ” she said, still more sternly.

And forthwith came out the whole story. Our plan ended with four separate lectures: one by my mother; one by Gwyneth's mother; and one by each of our Nannies on "Leaning out of window, and what would we do if you both fell out of window and broke your necks?"

After that, Gwyneth and I were perfect angels for—three whole days!

Then being good got boring. I know it oughtn't to, but it just did: I wasn't even a Rose-Maiden then, you see!

One day we were all looking for cowries, a sort of shell that's rather scarce, when, burrowing down into the sand, I got to rock. I tried again a little farther on and found rock there too. As the Mediterranean Sea is tideless, the rock must have been covered up for quite a long time; so I said:

"Come on you others, let's uncover this and see what it's like." They were always ready for some new amusement, and so it began.

At first we did not surround it with romance; but Pat, the irrepressible, burst out:

"Oh, I wonder if this is an ancient Egyptian treasure chamber, say, Cleopatra's; or a hole full of mummies, or something like that!"

"It might be," said John, who was Pat's friend through thick and thin, "it might be!"

So we commenced digging with renewed vigour.

"John, you must go in first," I said, "if we find a way, in case it's full of mummies, or something like that. We'll come down afterwards." I have a horror of anything dead, be it only a tiny, wee creature like a fish, which a storm has cast up on the beach.

"Oh, of course *I'm* not afraid," said John, "if you are; even though you're older than me."

"Oh, shut up," I answered; "girls don't like going into dark, unexplored places, even if boys do who are younger than them!"

Just then Gwyneth found a hole in the rock that looked like little steps, or the quarrel would have gone farther.

That evening we held a meeting in our big schoolroom to decide what we should do if the rock was full of treasure. John suggested buying an aeroplane; me two months at Shepherds Hotel in Cairo; Pat to build a lovely palace; and the three little ones, Toddie, Sonnie, and Baby, sweets every day for the rest of their lives.

"I'd get the Museum people to come and see it," said Gwyneth, who'd the most common sense. "Yes," I joined in, "the Sultan might give us gold medals. I'd always wear mine, wouldn't you, Gwyneth?"

"Of course I would," she said; "has anyone more questions to ask? No! Well, I'll say good-night. Listen to the wind. Daddy says there's going to be a dreadful storm." And off she went.

All next day the storm raged and we couldn't go out. However, on the day after it cleared up.

We ran down to the beach to our beloved rock. The sand had been blown clean off it, and it gleamed white in the sun. There was nothing curious about it at all.

And then we realized it was just an ordinary rock!

Gold medals, aeroplanes, months in Cairo, sweets and men from the Museum disappeared like a pricked bubble, and we found ourselves none the richer for all our digging!

"But all the same," said Gwyneth to me afterwards, "it was great fun while it lasted!"

"That's a lovely story," said Marietta, "but I do wish you had found something!"

They had passed the old town of Warwick, catching a glimpse of its famous castle through trees as they crossed a bridge below it. Then the car raced through miles of low-lying fields, whose rich grass told of London's milk supply. The names of the villages they passed reminded them that they were on the borders of the great hunting shires. And so to St. Albans, which is almost reached by the outskirts of greater London. Then on past the Welsh Harp "which is 'Endon way," and into the roar of the great city.

CHAPTER IV

THE DORIA LANTERN

Io ci credo—ma poi chissà se è vero!

Italian saying.

“WHAT a lot of lovely presents Queen Titania must have had,” said Yvette, as Grey Fairy, with drowsy hum, drew out on the great white road, a little silvered with hoar-frost, which leads “Southwards from Surrey’s pleasant hills.”

“Won’t you tell us about some of them? Please do,” said Marietta, pressing her fair little cheek against the Painter’s rough coat.

“I’m not at all sure that I ought not to be giving you a lesson in the geography of southern England,” said the Painter, smiling down at her eager face. “What a chance we are missing! There are dozens of places you should notice on your way to Newhaven. Caterham, where they train the big soldiers you saw in black furry hats guarding the King’s house in London. East Grinstead and Lewes. Right over there, where the long white clouds are lying so peacefully . . . let me see, what are they called, Yvette?”

“Cumus—something, isn’t it?” said Yvette.

“I know it isn’t that,” said Marietta proudly, “because cumulus means clouds which look like the washing coming home. It’s something that sounds like what they are: I know! Stratus.”

“That’s the word,” said the Painter approvingly. “Right over there, as I said, you can see the downs of Sussex. If you have good sight you may catch a glimpse of the silver sea beyond. The big

clump of trees right away on the horizon is called Chanctonbury Ring; it makes a fine landmark, doesn't it? "

" We'll be ever so long coming to it," said Yvette, " couldn't you tell us about the presents while we are in the open country? "

" Please do! " chimed in Marietta: and, I'm sorry to say, as usual, the Painter yielded.

" I've told you about the silver figures on the Gallery already," he said. " The most beautiful of Titania's treasures are undoubtedly the silver cross, known as the Cross of Cong, and the Ardagh Chalice, with its wonderful enamels. They were the gifts of the Irish Fairies; I'll tell you more about them later on.

The Man thought the famous DORIA LANTERN by far the most interesting, because of its story. Here's a photograph of it: it's a little silver shrine in the form of a lantern, containing a tiny ivory figure of a saint. The Man was not quite certain that it was a saint, for it looked very like one of the Grecian gods, like the figures on the Music Gallery.

He didn't rest until he got the story of it from Titania, and then he told it to me.

' Oberon and I are very fond of the lantern,' she told him. ' It was a present from dear old Admiral Doria; such a splendid old sea-dog he was, with a long white beard which blew about just like those fleecy clouds you see in summer. . . . '

" I know! " said Yvette triumphantly, " cirrus."

" ' The Admiral always used to say that we fairies helped him in his sea-fights against the Turks. . . . '

" Daddy was fighting the Turks in Suvla Bay," said Yvette. " I wonder if he ever met Admiral Doria; what was the name of his ship? "

" I'm afraid the old sailor had been dead and buried three hundred and fifty years before your Daddy started fighting," said the Painter. " If it hadn't been for the brave sailors of Venice, Genoa, and the other Italian seaports, who beat the Turks all those years ago, you and

Marietta would be wearing baggy muslin trousers and jackets trimmed with sequins, and moping behind latticed windows all day. What do you think of that?"

"I'm jolly glad the Turks didn't win," said Yvette.

"'It isn't really a lantern,' the Queen went on, 'it's a kind of shrine; you'll see why it was called the Doria Lantern later on.

The admiral's ship was a big wooden one with a very high stern, or poop, as it's called; all carved and gilded, with balconies running across it and lots of tiny windows. There was a painted coat of arms at the top, and three silver lanterns above, one in the middle and one at each corner.

But it's a very long story,' she said, 'and I really came here to see how my boudoir is getting on.'

The Man was too polite to worry Titania, but he kept making remarks about the lantern, until little by little he got the whole story out of her.

'In those days,' she told him, 'the Turks were just like pirates: they would swoop down on the dear little villages nestling in quiet valleys by the Italian sea. They burnt the cottages and carried the poor fisher folk away to slavery.

They would even raid churches and monasteries if they found them unprotected.

Then brave Christian sailors from Venice, Genoa, and other harbours would dash off in pursuit of the infidels. . . ."

"What does infidel mean," asked Yvette, "I've often heard the word but never really knew."

"You're quite right to ask," said the Painter, "never be afraid to find out. You'll discover that grown-ups who say you mustn't ask questions are always those who don't know the answers to them. Infidel meant unfaithful, and means here people who didn't believe in the true Faith," said the Painter.

"I do hope that the poor people got back home again safely," said Marietta.

"It was a tough job for their friends to find them, I can tell you," said the Painter, "when the Turks once got in among the hundreds of islands which are scattered all over the sea between Greece and Asia Minor.

Next time you look at your atlas, think of the poor frightened peasants huddled up together, while their cruel masters played a kind of hide and seek with brave mariners like old Doria. We'll hope they were often rescued. One was, anyhow, as you'll hear.

"' . . . After one of these raids which the Turks had made on a village called Grimaldi, not very far from Genoa,' Titania told him, 'the old Admiral set off to the rescue. He was lucky enough to get between the Turks and the islands, and he chased them ashore near Tunis and burnt their ships.

Among the rescued captives was a little maiden from Southern France called Jacqueline.

Her great-grandfather had been a very distinguished nobleman who lived in a castle close to Avignon, at the time the Popes held their court there in exile.

Jacqueline's father, the Count, often went into Italy on business. He sometimes took his little daughter as far as the sea, and left her in charge of some kind nuns at Grimaldi, while he and his retainers rode through the wild country roads to Pisa and Florence. Jacqueline was delicate, and her mother thought the sea air would do her good.

You can imagine the grief of the Count when, on his return, he rode up to the convent only to find it empty. Setting spurs to his horse he galloped back to Genoa. There he heard that his old friend, Andrea Doria, the Admiral, was already on the track of the Turks, so he could do nothing but wait.

There was a joyful meeting between Jacqueline and her father when the ship came in.

The two rode back to Avignon together, and the Count searched his treasures to find some gift to send to the gallant old friend who had saved his precious little one from so terrible a fate.

At last, he and Jacqueline's mother found the very thing. Years before, one of the exiled Popes had given the Count's grandfather a valuable present, a statuette of one of the saints, which had been brought all the way from Rome.

This they sent, with Jacqueline's love and their own gratitude, to the Admiral at Genoa. Doria was so pleased with it that he had a wonderful silver shrine made for it by a famous silversmith called Benvenuto Cellini. He took down the centre lantern from its place above the Doria arms on his ship, and put up the shrine instead. The crew looked upon it as the "luck" of the ship; you know how superstitious sailors are; and Giuseppe, the boatswain, was specially entrusted with its care by his old master.

Not long afterwards the weight of his years forced the Admiral to give up the sea, and retire to his castle on shore; he left his precious lantern on the ship, but had two copies of it made, one he kept, the other he gave to me. He died at the ripe age of ninety-four, and his great-nephew succeeded to the command of the Genoese fleet.

I used to know Giovanni Andrea Doria, his successor, too,' Titania went on. 'He led the Genoese in the great battle fought at Lepantò, close to Greece, which decided finally that Christianity and not the Turkish faith, Islam, as it's called, was to be the religion of Europe.

When rumours of the great sea fight reached Avignon you may be sure that Jacqueline's prayers went up for the safety of the dear old ship and its gallant crew, who had saved her as a girl from hopeless slavery. I often used to sit on the balustrade outside the Admiral's cabin; there was a balcony where he would walk on calm evenings. He told me stories of the great fight. How one Spanish ship of war carried a carved crucifix on its prow. The Turkish Admiral, to show his contempt for the Christian symbol, fired a cannon ball straight at the Christ; but the wooden figure bent on one side and let the shot pass harmlessly by. You can see the selfsame figure, still bending away from the cross, hanging in the Cathedral at Barcelona.

Giovanni Andrea used often to point up over his head to the white

figure in its silver shrine, and say that all his success was due to Jacqueline's gift to his great-uncle.

He told me that old Admiral Andrea made him promise that if anything happened to his old ship, the "Doria Lantern" was to be taken down and hung up over his tomb in the resting-place of that great race of sea-captains.' "

"I wonder who the saint was," said Yvette; "didn't Titania tell the Man?"

"She told him that old Andrea Doria always said it was Saint Elmo, but she didn't think he knew very much about saints; he was only a bluff old seaman, you see!"

"I'm sure Jacqueline was a darling," said Marietta. "I wish we could have seen her. Isn't there some more of the story?"

"There's plenty more," said the Painter, "but it must wait, for here we are at East Grinstead."

The wind was freshening as they left the little town, and the quiet clouds no longer lay along the horizon.

Soon they began to breast the rising country which leads up to the great Downs.

Whoof!—and a car rushed by, smothering them with dust.

"Road hog!" exclaimed the Painter. "I wonder why it is that some folk always want to risk their own lives, and, what is far worse, other people's lives, by reckless driving?"

"It is a shame," Yvette agreed; "think of the poor chickens."

"The village children are more important," said the Painter, "though you're quite right to remember the dumb animals. Hold hard a minute, Davies!" he cried, as they passed a white terrier which lay yelping at the side of the road.

Grey Fairy slowed down, and the Painter got out and ran back to where the road hog's poor little victim lay. Davies backed the car and the dog was lifted carefully into it.

"Now we have a practical illustration of reckless driving," said the Painter sadly; "I'm afraid the little chap's leg is broken."

"We must take him home," said Yvette.

"Only we don't know where home is!" said Marietta mournfully.

The car ran gently on to the next house, and they found that the local Veterinary Surgeon, as the doctors are called who look after animals—horses, dogs, and such-like—lived three miles down a lane.

The Painter looked at his watch; there wasn't much time to spare, for they must be at the quayside at least half an hour before the time fixed for the steamer to leave, in order to get the car safely stowed on board. Some ominous-looking clouds were coming up from the south-west, and there was a feeling of rain in the air.

"We're a bit short of petrol, sir," said Mr. Davies, "we're not allowed to take any on board," he explained, "so the tank must be emptied on this side. I only put in just enough to take us to New-haven."

"We'll have to risk it," said the Painter, "the dog comes first."

"Grey Fairy would never forgive us if we didn't see him safe," said Yvette, with conviction.

So they set off on their errand of mercy, handed the sufferer to the kind doctor, who, recognizing a former patient, promised that the owner should be told of his plight at once, and then made their way back to the main road once more.

"Now you can go on with the Doria Lantern story, can't you?" said Yvette.

"As far as the Man could gather," said the Painter, "the rest of the story was something like this.

The old Admiral's famous ship of war still swept proudly over the seas round Italy, with his great-nephew, Giovanni Andrea, in command. There were plenty of corsairs and pirates left, though the naval strength of Turkey was crippled.

The white saint still looked down from his place above the poop, but he missed the rugged old face with its streaming beard which used to look up so often from the balustrade below. As you have already been told, the old man had yielded to the wishes of his crew,

and had left the 'luck' in its place when he retired to his castle on shore; and for many seasons it gave them confidence through storm and stress.

Giuseppe, the boatswain, now an old man, still served on, the lantern his especial care, for the sake of his dear old master.

A few years after the battle of Lepantò the old ship fought her last fight. Once more on an errand of mercy, she was crippled by a storm; and while she lay helpless a fleet of marauding Spaniards swooped down upon her. All day she fought bravely against odds, but when night fell they knew what the end must be.

Giuseppe, tough old hero that he was, determined to save his dead master's treasure. While the old vessel, scarred and battered by Spanish shot, settled down gradually into the hungry waters, he climbed the splintered balconies, seized the precious shrine, and lowered himself, with his burden, into a tiny boat which, by good fortune, had escaped untouched; then pushed off into the darkness and was seen no more. As he went he seemed to see old Andrea, his beloved Admiral, with white beard flying in the wind, waving farewell to him from under the gilded arms of Doria."

"I am glad the Spaniards didn't get the 'luck,'" said Yvette, with a sigh. "Doesn't anyone know where the figure is now?"

"He couldn't have carried it far if it was anything like the statues we saw in the Louvre," said Marietta.

"It was what's called a statuette, or little statue," the Painter explained, "but it weighed a good deal no doubt, and Giuseppe couldn't have carried it about with him, so there is no doubt that he buried it on the shore, or hid it in one of the caves in the cliffs where he landed.

Titania told the Man that some years after the loss of the ship, an old sailor, bent and wrinkled, found his way up to the castle near Avignon where Jacqueline and her parents had lived.

The little girl he had helped to rescue thirty years ago was now the Countess, and had married the son of a powerful neighbour. She

had a daughter of her own whom she had called Christian in memory of her deliverance from the Turks.

The old sailor craved an audience in the name of the 'Doria Lantern.' You may be sure that the Countess received him graciously, and heard the story of his escape from the sinking ship with much interest.

'My dear old master left the lantern with your present in my care,' he told her; 'he always hoped that it would some day hang above his tomb. He and I alone know where it lies hidden. God grant that some day kind hands will carry out his wish!'

Countess Jacqueline tried hard to find out the secret of the hiding-place, for she would gladly have done all she could to bring back the 'luck' to the old Admiral; but the faithful boatswain's strength was fast failing, and his mind was wandering. He kept repeating 'He and I alone know where it lies hidden.' And he died with the secret untold."

"The fairies know, anyhow," said Yvette confidently. "But I don't see how Giuseppe could have told the Admiral if he was dead."

Just as our party were congratulating themselves on having overcome all obstacles, and the car was on the southern slope of the downs, with only a long stretch of meadow land between it and Newhaven, the slender stock of petrol gave out. Grey Fairy gently slowed down, and at last stood lifeless and inert at the side of the roadway, some two miles from the nearest store, and with the Painter's watch marking a bare half hour from the time of embarkation!

Those of you who are accustomed to motoring will understand the passage of years and centuries as the Painter, the children, and Nanny paced up and down as Mr. Davies started back along the road to the nearest house in search of a tin of petrol.

Then hope beamed upon them once more as they saw him meet an approaching motor-cyclist and return in triumph seated on his machine. With the help of the petrol obtained from this friend in need success was once more possible.

The Painter held his watch in his hand as the car dashed along the lanes of Sussex, only to arrive at the level crossing, which barred their way to the entrance of the pier, to find the gates closed.

No entreaties could move the stony heart of the official in charge; the inevitable had to be faced, and Grey Fairy was left behind to follow by the night boat. Handbags were unshipped and carried on board; the two girls bid farewell to their magic carpet and its pilot for the moment, and stepped bravely across the gangway.

A freshening gale blew from the south-west and the cabin, which the forethought of the Painter had provided, proved of the utmost value.

And so our story passes out of England over the tawny-crested waves of a sou'-wester, the thump and crash of spray, the flap, flap of wet ropes as the vessel strains and creaks through the driving sleet.

A vertical scale bar with two units: French Kilometres and English Miles. The French Kilometres scale ranges from 0 to 140 in increments of 20. The English Miles scale ranges from 0 to 60 in increments of 10. The scales are aligned such that 100 km corresponds to 60 miles.

CHAPTER V

MA NORMANDIE

Save you, my Faithful! how your loving eyes
Grow soft and gleam with all these memories!

WILLIAM MORRIS.

I DON'T suppose you've ever stayed at a French summer seaside resort, such as Dieppe, at the end of February.

"Figurez-vous," as our neighbours say, a long stretch of coarse grass swept by chilly gusts of wind and rain: farther to seaward tumbling yellow breakers; and what a dismal yellow! A leaden sky overhead.

The only visible human creature silhouetted against the sea; his shoulders hunched up to meet the sleet squalls, and his hands thrust deep into the wide reddish-brown tanned trousers so familiar along the coast of Normandy.

And then the row of weather-beaten hotels, their shutters sealed up against the storms; how impossible it seems that in a few months they will be bright with flowers and gay dresses. That is what one sees on the sea front.

But now turn down one of the side streets, taking care to furl your umbrella, for every alley is a funnel for the wind, and you get a glimpse of the real native life of the town.

Girls in wooden sabots clatter down the cobbled streets, and a few market women in the main square brave the rain in the hope of selling their crockery ware and vegetables.

The visitor is amply repaid for the venture by the sight of that

marvel of dainty tracery in stone, the church of Saint Jacques, which rears its beautiful Gothic doorway, the delight of etchers, just behind the market-place.

But while we're rambling on like this we mustn't forget that Grey Fairy and her chauffeur were left to battle with a gale, so we had better hurry back to the hotel and find out what has become of them.

The Painter, up at daybreak, walked off to the harbour to seek for news of the car, leaving Yvette and Marietta to sleep off the effects of their rough crossing.

A civil uniformed official, in response to his questions, exchanged a few words with a sailor on the night boat, moored at the quayside, the salt spray drying white on her funnels showing what she had been through. From the man's response, shouted in very rapid and guttural French, the Painter gathered that Mr. Davies and Grey Fairy had arrived safely, and sought shelter at the Hotel du Soleil d'Or.

So down the main street he tramped, until he arrived at a big, square-shuttered building, apparently untenanted and certainly bell-less. Hunger made him insistent, for he hadn't as yet enjoyed his "petit déjeuner"; and he entered unannounced into the courtyard, without which no French hotel would be complete.

A sleepy maid-of-all-work, rising on her knees from her task of slopping a damp cloth over the boards, eyed him with astonishment, then shouted something unintelligible to the unseen realms above. A patter of slippered feet answered the appeal, and mine hostess, "en déshabille," peered at the intruder from over the banisters.

The Painter is "désolé" at causing her inconvenience, but will she have the complaisance to tell him if M. Davies is in? This inquiry completely mystified the lady who, however, was ready to admit that the hotel was indeed the Soleil d'Or; but she stubbornly refused to allow that it harboured either a grey car or its chauffeur.

More sleepy servants appeared on the scene and joined in the argument, until at last the Painter's British obstinacy was overcome, and he thought that perhaps the owner of the hotel, though a foreigner,



CHURCH OF ST. JACQUES, DIEPPE

might possibly know who was, and who was not in her own hotel; more especially as the said hotel was obviously empty!

So leave was being taken and apologies made, accompanied by bows and smiles, when some genius among the attendant domestics murmured the magic words: "Chariot d'Or."

Madame explained at once that it was suggested that the missing automobile might be at the rival hotel of the Chariot of Gold, what more suitable place for it? and not at the Golden Sun.

More apologies, bowings, and leave-takings; a tramp back along the gusty Rue de la Barre, and the quest was at an end, for, as the Painter made his inquiries of the aproned "garçon" of the Chariot d'Or, Mr. Davies made his appearance on the upper balcony of the hotel.

Grey Fairy will be at the Grand Hotel at ten o'clock, tuned up all ready for the road; so the Painter, feeling a decided sinking in the region of his waistcoat, hurried back to shelter and food.

He found Yvette and Marietta looking anxiously through piles of chairs in the deserted verandah. The sky was still squally, but the strength of the gale had blown itself out, and the rollers were no longer edged with white.

"Have you found Grey Fairy?" asked the children anxiously.

"All is well," said the Painter cheerily, "but not a word more until I've had something to eat. I'm simply famished."

A little before ten o'clock the car arrived, and packing began. All the personnel of the hotel assembled to watch and give advice; mine host, a cheery little Frenchman, with a twinkling eye, in the van.

Some delay was caused by ignorance of the French for a gimlet, but pantomimic signs resulted in the chasseur being despatched for a "vrille" and preparations were duly completed.

The Painter explained that their destination was somewhere beyond Genoa, a statement which made mine host shrug his shoulders and assume a pitying smile, as much as to say, "these poor mad English: *mais, que voulez-vous*, they are always looking for trouble!"

Still, he wished them a pleasant journey, as Grey Fairy, with her

joyous load, crunched over the pebble-strewn roadway in front of the hotel, passed through the iron gates, and, swinging to the left, entered upon the first foreign kilomètre of the journey.

And in case any of you don't know what a kilomètre is, I'll take the opportunity of telling you that it's a bit over half a mile.

The grassy space to seaward was untenanted as far as the closed Casino. On their left they caught a glimpse of the ancient Porte du Port-d'Ouest, with its massive twin towers crowned by domes of old brown tiles; while in front of them rose the fine fifteenth-century castle frowning over the sea.

A sharp turn to the left under the battlemented walls; past the Hotel du Soleil d'Or; how Yvette and Marietta laughed as the Painter described his adventures there! and then Grey Fairy breasted the rise up to the broad "Route Nationale," which leads to the rich plains of Normandy, and set her head-lights steadfastly for Rouen and the south.

CHAPTER VI

THE CRYSTAL TEAR

An angel, wandering from her sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-eyed Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem!

THOMAS MOORE.

“**N**OW it’s time for another story!” cried the children, as they settled themselves comfortably in the arms of Grey Fairy.

“I wish you would tell us something about the wonderful crystal drop we saw in Titania’s boudoir,” said Yvette, “we’re both longing to hear all about it.”

“Oh yes, the CRYSTAL TEAR,” said the Painter; “you remember Marietta’s story of Fay and Frank, the two children who found Fairy Sybil’s Message, and helped Lord Hyacinth and his bodyguard of Prickers to rescue her from the Humpy Grumpy Spider’s web. If Marietta doesn’t mind, I can tell you more about Fay and Frank; Fairy Sybil told the Man about them and he told me.”

“Please do,” said Marietta eagerly. “I’m longing to hear what happened to them.”

“As you will remember,” he went on, “they were given the Freedom of Fairyland, and Fairy Sybil was so grateful for their help that she often came to tell them stories.

She would flash into the nursery before the lamps were lit, or the curtains drawn, when the children were alone, and the fire nice and crinkly crumbly, with little spirts of blue and green flame peeping through the jet black coal.

‘ I wonder if that could have been *your* Baby I heard crying when I passed the house to-day,’ she said one evening, as soon as she was settled comfortably on the polished brass rail of the high fender. Her wings kept quivering just like a dragon-fly’s do when it pauses for a moment over a pond in summer.

‘ Baby’s very cross just now,’ said Frank hastily, ‘ I suppose it’s his teeth. He’s always crying, even when you only just touch him.’

‘ Did you ever try to find your Baby’s first tear?’ asked Fairy Sybil, ‘ you know it disappears as soon as it falls, don’t you?’

‘ I’ve never found the first one,’ Fay admitted, ‘ but then, I don’t think I ever looked for it.’

‘ Next time Baby cries try to find his first tear,’ said the Fairy, ‘ it must be the very first to fall of course; but you’ll waste your time, because it won’t be there. I thought you knew that.’

‘ We didn’t know,’ said both children eagerly; ‘ please tell us.’

‘ You remember the other day when I took you both into the Palace and showed you the Chapel. I let you peep through the door into the Queen’s Boudoir; even Star-Maidens of the Fairy Kiss are only allowed to peep in from outside, so I couldn’t let you go right in.’

‘ I remember quite well,’ said Fay, nodding her head, ‘ it was a lovely room, all mother-of-pearly: and oh, there was such a beautiful little case on a stand by the window, with a back made of what looked like mother’s opal bracelet when the light shines on it.’

‘ Did you notice what was in the case?’ asked the Fairy.

‘ I can tell you,’ said Frank, ‘ there was something like a tiny crystal dewdrop resting on a golden holder.’

‘ Yes, I remember now,’ said Fay, ‘ I was looking at the screen most of the time, the one with the man on horseback and the funny ladies with turbans.’

‘ That was the famous Persian screen,’ said Fairy Sybil, ‘ given to Her Majesty by the Shah. It’s the little crystal drop I’m going to tell you about now.

When babies cry because somebody hurts them, or because they

are hungry or neglected, the first teardrop always disappears; you can never find it, because it goes straight to Fairyland. It falls on the little golden stand you have seen in Titania's boudoir. There is a Fairy on duty there whenever the Queen is away, called the Guardian of the Crystal Tear. I'm sorry to say she's kept very busy.

Her duty is to look into the heart of the Tear, as we do into a crystal ball, and she sees exactly what took place to make the baby cry.

Of course, in cases like the one to-day, when Baby's tears were not caused by his brother's little tap, but only because a tiresome little tooth was coming through, . . . ' she looked slyly at Frank as she said this, and he grew red and uncomfortable, ' of course, in a case like that, there would be nothing to report. But suppose, for the sake of argument, that *Frank* had been cross, and not his tiny brother; then the Guardian of the Crystal Tear would send a little note to the Officer on Guard of the Pricker Army, and poor Frank would feel quite uncomfortable for a time.

People sometimes say it's your conscience which pricks you, but we know better, don't we? ' "

CHAPTER VII

WINDOWS OF HEAVEN

The slender pillars, in long vistas spread,
Like forest arches meet and close o'erhead ;
So high that, like a weak and doubting prayer,
Ere it can float to the carved angels there,
The silver clouded incense faints in air.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

THOSE who travel by motor-car know the satisfaction of settling down into a comfortable seat for a long straight spell. The engine takes up the humming "song of the road" which tells of perfect harmony between all component parts, and makes you certain that the car has "found herself."

Grey Fairy's speedometer rose quickly to thirty, and for many miles the pointer quivered between thirty and thirty-five. Recent rains had filled the pot-holes on the surface of the road, so they were more easily avoided. On each side an endless procession of giant poplar trees flitted past them. The road was bordered by strips of grass and ditches, but no hedgerows interfered with the view.

On both sides thousands of acres of rich brown plough lands stretched as far as the eye could see. Here and there they caught sight of a team of great white Normandy horses ploughing mile long furrows in the wet soil, their collars crested with dark blue sheepskin.

Mile after mile the road, like silver flecked ribbon, rushed as it were into the devouring mouth of Grey Fairy. Hardly a soul was abroad; cross roads were few and far between, and the "Passage à Niveau," or level crossing over railway lines, rare.



SILVER DOORWAY

Soon the greater frequency of Garage, Phare, and Essence advertisements warned them that they were nearing Rouen ; and before long they were skirting the cobbled Quai du Havre which borders the Seine. Then they turned up the Rue Jeanne d'Arc and disembarked, hungry for luncheon, at the Hotel de la Poste.

" Now my dears," said the Painter, " we can only spare one hour for sightseeing, so we'll peep at the cathedral and the churches of Saint Maclou and Saint Ouen. We could easily spend a week here and not see a quarter of their beauties."

So off they trotted through the narrow streets and then back again.

" All aboard for Chartres! " he cried, as soon as they had made their way back to the hotel through occasional sleet showers. Grey Fairy turned down to the Seine quays again, then to the left, past unsightly gasworks, factories, and other penalties of civilization until, shaking off the inevitable tram-lines, she ran on to a good road which leads through the woods round Louviers.

The rain fell with less persistence, and lighter breaks appeared in the grey canopy of cloud as they pressed on, their road winding downwards until, passing through Evreux, they entered the twenty kilomètres of straight Route Nationale to Nonancourt, crossed the Avre at St. Remi, and entered the great plain dominated by the spires of Chartres Cathedral.

Don't imagine that the occupants of our Magic Carpet were silent while they huddled cosily under their wraps, sheltered by the cape hood. You know Yvette and Marietta well enough by this time to avoid any error of that kind!

" Didn't you say there was a wonderful silver door to Titania's Chapel in the Palace? " asked Yvette.

" I don't know what you'll think of it," he answered, " but in my opinion it's the finest piece of handicraft in silver ; perhaps we should call it ' tiny-craft ' ; that has been done since the time of our friend, Benvenuto Cellini."

"That's the man who made the Shrine for the Doria Lantern," said Marietta.

"It's made by Joseph Barker," the Painter went on, "and it's set in a background of Connemara marble, which suits it exactly, as I'm sure you'll agree when you see it; the door itself is a wonderful piece of inlaid work which puzzles all the wood workers who see it. It was an invention of the Man himself, and he's rather proud of it. I hope you'll like it.

When you get inside the Chapel the first thing you see is a bronze group of Our Saviour blessing little Children. Titania's very fond of it. On each side, all round the walls of the Chapel in fact, there is delicate panelling in wood and marble, the masterpiece of Tommy Lennon. Here's a photograph of the altar and the reredos behind it. I wonder if either of you will. . . ."

"That's not Titania's Palace," exclaimed Marietta, "that's the picture behind the altar in the Chapel at the dear Torre; I'm sure it is! Don't you remember the M and P and the O with a dash, and Y, Yvette? Wasn't it the Greek way of writing 'Mother of God'?"

"You're quite right," the Painter admitted, "it's the same picture, only much smaller, of course. My friend at Florence sent it to Titania as a present when he heard the Chapel walls wanted decorating."

"That does make it interesting," said Yvette, "and I remember you said that the long inscriptions with those funny S's meant 'The King's daughter is all glorious within.' What does Ave Stella Maris mean?"

"It means 'Hail! Star of the Sea,'" said the Painter.

"What a beautiful cross there is in front of the picture," said Marietta. "It's such a pretty shape: where did it come from?"

"It's the famous Cross of Cong, the gift of the Irish Fairies. You can see the Ardagh Chalice too. Then below them are four wonderful panels representing Peace, Fortitude, Purity, and Pity."

"I like those awfully much," said Yvette.

The rain had stopped as they ran up the avenue skirting public



TITANIA'S CHAPEL

gardens, which leads to the big Place des Epars, past the pathetic bronze memorial to the sons of the Department of Eure-et-Loire who gave their lives for their country in the war of 1870.

It was half-past five o'clock when they came to rest at the door of the Hotel Grande Monarque, having accomplished the first 175 kilomètres of their foreign journey.

The next morning opened with sunshine, and the Painter prepared his Kodak. They were to have a full morning at Chartres, so, " *petit déjeuner* " over, Yvette, Marietta, and the Painter crossed the Place, in the centre of which stands General Marceau's statue, and entered the narrow, cobbled Rue Noël Ballay, which led to the great cathedral of Notre Dame.

They mounted the steps to the western façade, pierced with three doorways. As the heavy, leather-covered door swung back into its place, and their eyes grew accustomed to the dim light, an impression of unspeakable grandeur came over them.

They sat for a while on chairs at the west end, looking towards the lancet windows of the choir. Both Yvette and Marietta had been into buildings which were bigger; some may have been more beautiful in detail, but nothing they had ever seen gave a greater impression of grandeur than the interior of Chartres Cathedral.

The unbroken line of the roof from west to east, together with the great height of the clerestory as compared with the triforium. . . .

(" *Aeroplanes!* " says a plaintive voice at my elbow.)

I'm so sorry! I was forgetting that my readers can't see the Painter pointing out the different parts of the cathedral I've just mentioned. I expect you know that in most cathedrals, and in many big churches as well, there is a centre part called the nave, and side parts called the aisles. The nave is supported on each side by open arches; above these arches and just below the roof or ceiling there are windows; that is the clerestory, or clear-story. When there is a big space between the bottom of these windows and the top of the arches it is called a triforium. So that what the Painter meant was that the windows

were very high, so they only left a little strip of space above the arches. If you get a piece of pencil and paper you can see exactly what he meant. The great height of the clerestory, as I said, when compared with the triforium, helped to make the distance between our travellers and the high altar seem greater than usual.

Probably the tiny sparks of the candles, seen through the haze of the incense, made the end of the cathedral seem very far away ; for a service was going on, and brilliantly robed figures could be seen moving hither and thither in the distance.

The blue haze of the smoke from the burning incense and the glow of the candles made the narrow lancet windows, with their jewels of thirteenth-century glass, seem to rise out of foundations invisible to mortal eyes. No one can describe the glory of the windows as the sun shines through them ; for the stained glass of Chartres glows with a light that is not of earth.

“ Just like the windows of heaven,” said Yvette softly.

After a quiet stroll through the old streets and a few minutes’ rest under the trees, which already showed signs of spring, and which line the Butte des Charbonniers, they returned to the Grand Monarque for déjeuner and departure.

Only sixty-nine kilomètres of straight road lay between them and Orleans ; a distance easily negotiated by Grey Fairy in two hours. There was a very modern look about Orleans as they pulled up at the Hotel Terminus, which occupied the right-hand corner of the Rue de la République. A new railway station, with the usual noise of horns, whistles, and clanging of buffers, faced them across the boulevard.

A busy town was Orleans, full of hurrying folk afoot and on tram-cars. As one would naturally expect, the central square of the town is occupied by a statue of the Maid of Orleans.

“ Who is she ? ” asked the Painter.

“ That’s an easy one,” said Yvette, “ Joan of Arc, of course ! ”

“ Very nearly right,” said the Painter smiling, “ but you’ve forgotten that she’s Saint Jeanne now.”

A visit to the cathedral did very little to remove the impression that Orleans was more commercial than beautiful. They found it a fine building, surrounded by tram-lines, but it left no vivid impression on their memory.

Yvette and Marietta were much interested in the French cavalry soldiers, who were constantly met with, mounted and dismounted, in their baggy crimson trousers, and with long sabres clanking on the pavement.

They thought some of the simple habits of the French soldier most interesting. While they sat at tea in a "confiserie," eating their cakes and drinking delicious chocolate, they saw a couple of recruits, whose ruddy faces betrayed their country origin, come to the counter and select some most innocent-looking buns, which they carefully conveyed away to be eaten elsewhere. Then a sergeant, leaving his little daughter at the door, made his choice, and the two walked off happily together. An orderly left his bicycle and ate a couple of cakes; while more than one officer strolled in and seated himself at one of the little tables, or carried off his paper bag of purchases.

The Painter, as an Englishman, was struck by the simplicity and absence of self-consciousness of it all; and he could not help regretting that custom, fear of ridicule, or, perhaps, the lack of clean and attractive tea-shops, compel our own Thomas Atkins to remain faithful to canteen bar or public-house.

"I can guarantee that the French *poilu* doesn't fight any the worse for eating sweet cakes," he told the girls, "for I've seen him!"

CHAPTER VIII

ROSEBUDS

Is this a holy thing to see
In a rich and fruitful land,
Babes reduc'd to misery,
Fed with cold and usurous hand?

BLAKE.

“ I LOVED that story about the Crystal Tear,” said Yvette that evening, when they were up in their hotel bedroom.

“ So did I,” said Marietta, “ but it’s horrid to think that there are darling little babies who have nobody to care for them properly. Don’t you think we could do something to help them, so that sometimes the tear-stand would be empty? Queen Titania would be awfully pleased.”

“ We’re dreadfully busy as it is,” said Yvette doubtfully; “ I’m looking after crippled children, while you’re taking care of unhappy ones: I don’t know how we can possibly manage babies. And we’re both of us Girl Guides too.”

“ We’ll have to arrange somehow,” said Marietta, with decision, “ let’s think hard.”

So they thought and thought and thought!

At last Yvette looked up; they had been staring into the fire as one generally does when one is thinking. Some of you may be shocked to hear that they had a fire in their bedroom: cold bedrooms are much the healthiest. But Nanny was always a little afraid of strange hotel bedrooms in winter, and it was a February night, with a touch of frost in the air: so you’ll forgive her, won’t you?

Yvette looked up. "I've a good idea," she said, "you know that in our work we have a league and a union; why not start the same kind of thing for babies?"

"That's splendid," said Marietta, with a nod of her wise little head. "We must have a league, and we'll think of a lovely name for it."

Let me see: what do you think about most when you think of babies?—bottles, and bath-sponges, and rattles, and powder-puffs, and those funny little woolly pink parrots."

"I don't think any of those sound very suitable," said Yvette; "there are woolly mittens too, the little darlings always suck the ribbons they're tied on with. Then there are perambulators."

"That's a dreadfully long word," said Marietta; "I always call them prams myself. I know!" she exclaimed, "we'll call it

The Child's Cradle League."

* * * * *

Early next morning two happy little faces greeted the Painter, full of excitement to know what he thought of their new plan. In a few words Yvette explained the scheme, and they waited anxiously for his remarks.

"I believe," he said thoughtfully, "that you've hit upon a plan which Titania would thoroughly approve of. The Crystal Tear shows you how much she loves babies."

But just calling it the Child's Cradle League doesn't make it start work; there's a lot to be done yet. We must first get someone to look after it; you two are far too busy with your unhappy and crippled children to spare the time. Stick to your own job.

A very wise old friend of mine used to say when I was young, 'polish your own corner'; and I know that he meant, don't be content to sweep your *own* corner out and then trot off to someone else's for a chat. Oh dear no, *polish* it! Hard work again: remember the motto of your Fairy Order, '*Nihil sine Labore.*'"

"I wonder if Inez would like to help," said Yvette, "I think that

she was really just a little bit sad, because she hadn't any little children to look after; though she did pretend not to care a bit about what she called 'grubby little things.' "

"She's lots and lots of money," sighed Marietta, "she could simply fill her money-box right up to the top! I believe she would soon get really fond of babies if we picked out some nice soft pinky ones at first. We can ask her, anyhow."

"It'll be useful to us, too, if they get properly cared for," said Yvette, "because if the babies are happy and strong and well, there won't be half as many crippled and unhappy children to look after."

I hope my little readers will lay that to heart. Yvette was perfectly right: healthy babies make happy children, and don't you forget it.

"If you'll get hold of Inez," said the Painter, "and get her to collect all her tiny little child friends, rich ones or poor ones, they can all help! and enroll them into the Child's Cradle League, I'll try to get them admitted into the Fairy Kiss. I don't think I told you that the little princesses and princes of Fairyland always begin as 'Rosebuds' of the Order."

"You didn't tell us anything about it," said Marietta, "you only said that there were Knights Grand Cross, Knights or Star-Maidens, and Rose-Maidens or Companions. You said nothing about Rosebuds."

"Well then I'll tell you," he continued. "The Royal Children are all admitted into the Order as soon as they arrive in Fairyland. But they don't become Rose-Maidens or Companions until they are old enough to really understand the motto which you see in gold letters on the Music Gallery, '*Nihil sine Labore.*' So they are first made Rosebuds."

If Titania consents, Inez can recommend the most deserving of her little leaguers for the badge of Rosebud of the Fairy Kiss; and she can be a Chief Rosebud herself."

"Won't she be pleased!" cried Yvette joyfully. "I'm just longing to get to the Castello and tell her."



CHÂTEAU AT NEVERS

CHAPTER IX

THE ROYAL NURSERIES

The doors all look as if they op'd themselves,
The windows as if latch'd by Fays and Elves,
And from them comes a silvery flash of light
As from the Westward of a Summer's night.

KEATS.

THE next morning opened fine, though cloudy, and our party made an early start along the outer boulevards of Orleans, bumping and splashing through deep puddles until, after running for a little while along the bank of the River Loire, Grey Fairy shook off the tram-lines and gained the open road.

The country showed greater promise of spring, but the slopes to their left were covered with field after field of the twisted vine stumps which make so much of France seem dull and lifeless, even in the spring-time.

"We shall catch it soon," said the Painter, pointing to a mass of leaden clouds which rose in front of them; and sure enough, just as they reached Nevers, the rain came down in torrents.

The two girls scuttled into the welcome inn, through the plashing drops, like a pair of frightened chickens; and all the party were soon seated in the big *salle-à-manger* enjoying an excellent *déjeuner*.

Luncheon over, Yvette, Marietta, and the Painter braved the storm, and set off to see the sights. "We might never come here again," Yvette wisely remarked, "and we've got umbrellas and mackintoshes. We never minded rain in Ireland."

"The cathedral here is interesting," began the Painter, as they

walked down an old cobbled street, "because it is one of the only two in France which have a double apse; the other is the cathedral of St. Jean at Besançon. . . ."

"Aeroplanes!" came in chorus from under the two dripping umbrellas.

"I can't stop and explain here," said the Painter, laughing. "We'll wait until we get under cover." So into St. Cyr they went, and he showed them that the semicircular space called apse, which goes behind the high altar at the east end of the cathedral, was repeated at the west end, where the door usually is, being used as a chapel.

The storm was over, and the sunshine bursting through the clouds as they came out again, so their wet umbrellas were furled as they mounted the hill to the splendid old château.

"It used to belong to the Counts of Nivernais," the Painter told them, "but it's now used as the Palais de Justice; that means Court House, where the judges try naughty people," he added hastily, seeing a puzzled look on Marietta's face. "The front part, which is called the façade; and don't pronounce it 'fakkade,' please! was built by Duke Louis of Gonzaga, an Italian who married the only daughter of the last Count. I mention him, because he tried to make the people here make Majolica like they did in his own country. It's no good telling me that it doesn't interest you, because I never can help talking about Majolica, so there!" he said defiantly.

"It's an awfully fine building," said Yvette, "don't the wet brown tiles on the sloping roof look jolly glistening in the sun? Mind the puddle, Marietta!"

Grey Fairy looked all the better for her bath, and they set off again down the narrow Rue de Commerce to the bridge over the Loire. Their road lay through country which reminded them of England. Woods and hedgerows; cosy villages nestling among hills; orchards and farmsteads; just what you would see in our own midlands and southern counties.

"I've been wondering," said Marietta, "where the little princes



THE ROYAL NURSERIES

and princesses live in the Palace; you haven't said a word about the royal nurseries."

"Dear, dear, that was very forgetful of me," said the Painter. "Of course, there are nurseries as well as the grand state-rooms. You remember that Titania's boudoir was next the Chapel, and then, on the other side came the royal dining-room. Above these two rooms are the day and night nurseries. The children want more space to play in than to sleep in, so the day nursery is over the dining-room."

"And Titania wouldn't like them to romp just over her room when she has a headache, would she?" said Yvette. "I remember once. . . ."

"But fairies don't have headaches, do they?" interrupted Marietta.

"If you ask so many questions," began the Painter. . . .

"That's because you don't know the answer!" cried Marietta triumphantly; "you told us so yourself."

"Anyhow, they'd only be fairy headaches, Marietta, and that doesn't count," said Yvette, coming to the rescue; "please let the Painter go on about the nurseries!"

"At the end of the day nursery came the bathroom," he went on, "fitted with everything a fairy could possibly want; hot and cold dewdrops, a distilled lavender spray, and gossamer bath towels. Titania uses the bathroom too."

"My! how careful the little ones must be not to splash," said Marietta.

* * * * *

Passing through the pretty village of St. Pierre-le-Moutier they reached their destination, Moulins, without mishap, Grey Fairy having added 203 hilly kilomètres to her total.

"Now we're in Southern France, according to Mr. Baedeker's Guide Book," said the Painter, as they sallied forth from their comfortable rooms in the Hotel de Paris in search of a "confiserie."

After tea the three went off for a ramble round the old ramparts, and so back to dinner.

"I love the food here," said Yvette, "you get such beautifully cooked vegetables, and such a number of different kinds; we always seem to have boiled potatoes, sodden cabbages, or stringy beans in England."

"I fancy the vegetables are there all right," said the Painter, "but we don't take the trouble either to buy them or cook them properly. It's up to you Girl Guides to improve our methods."

It's just the same with fruit," he went on, "I remember, some years ago, dining at a great and recently built hotel in the fashionable part of London. We were not more than an hour by train from the centre of the most celebrated fruit-growing county in England, and the month was June. The fruit placed before us at the end of the dinner consisted of oranges, tasteless and juiceless; shrivelled bananas; bunches of small, yellow grapes powdered with sawdust; almonds and raisins and hazelnuts: and this was June, if you please."

"I don't wonder people like going abroad," said Marietta.

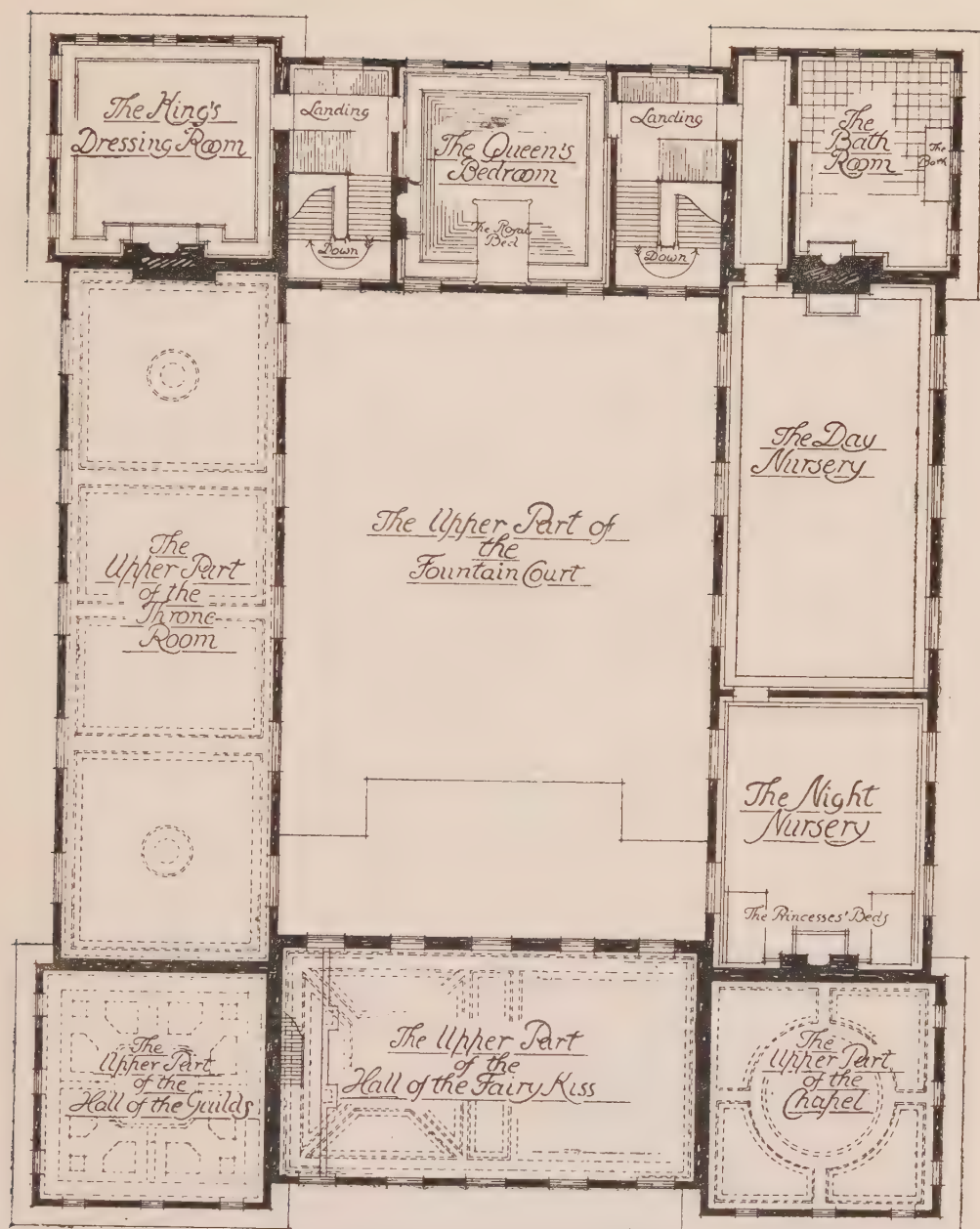
After a good night in airy bedrooms, they were off again, bright and early. So far they had avoided high ground by following the valleys of the Rivers Seine, Loire, and Allier. Grey Fairy had yet to prove her mettle as a mountain climber.

That day, the fourth of their foreign travel, they left the low lands and river at Varennes-sur-Allier, and struck eastwards uphill to La Palisse. Here they crossed the little river Besbre, and raced away from most threatening storm clouds, just escaping a terrific hail storm, some of the stragglers hitting the wind-screen like pebbles.

Their climb began as they crossed the boundary into Lyonnais, just before reaching La Pacaudière: but they were to dip down once again to greet and cross their old acquaintance, the river Loire, before they began the more serious ascent.

"Does Titania sleep on the other side of the bathroom?" asked Yvette.

"Why of course she does," said Marietta; "her bedroom is over the private entrance to the Palace; don't you remember the plan?"



Plan of the Upper Floor

Percy W. Loveall del.

Scale of inches

There's only a passage at the top of the staircase between her room and the bathroom."

"Do tell us what her bedroom is like," said Yvette, "I'm certain it must be lovely!"

"She made the Man work jolly hard over it, I can assure you," said the Painter, "it isn't quite finished yet. First of all he designed the frieze, as it's called; that's the strip of wall just below the ceiling.

He wrote in raised gold letters all round the room the first piece of English poetry which was ever set to music. The letters peep out from tiny spring flowers."

"That must be lovely," said Yvette, nodding her approval; "what was the poetry like?"

"It goes like this:

Sumer is icumen in
Lhude sing Cuccu!
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,
And springeth the wude nu.
Sing Cuccu.

Cuccu, Cuccu, well sings thee, Cuccu:
Ne swike thu naver nu;
Sing Cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu!

"It sounds funny," said Marietta, "what is the wallpaper like?"

"The walls are pale green and gold, with panels filled with needle-work, worked to look like hyacinth buds bursting through blades of grass in the early springtime."

"I know exactly what that's like," said Yvette proudly. "Mummie once took me to a place called Courtown in Ireland; you never saw such a sight as the blue bells were under the beech trees; just a carpet of blue: you couldn't see any green at all: and when the sun shone through the trees, . . ." and she paused, then she shook her head, "no, there isn't a word which describes it!"

"Titania's panels show what the Courtown woods looked like before the hyacinths were quite out, just in the baby stage," said the Painter, "a sort of whispering of the promise of spring: the embroidery on her great four-post bedstead is worked with the same pattern. The general scheme of colour is therefore blue, pale green, and gold: grass, sunshine, and blue flowers; everything to remind her of spring."

"I expect she's got a spring mattress too," said Marietta.

* * * * *

A stop for luncheon was made at the Hotel du Commerce in the little town of Roanne; a primitive inn, with a sanded courtyard, used as a garage.

Déjeuner over, their road took them up and up past St. Symphorien to the plateau of Notre Dame de la Roche, two thousand two hundred feet above sea level.

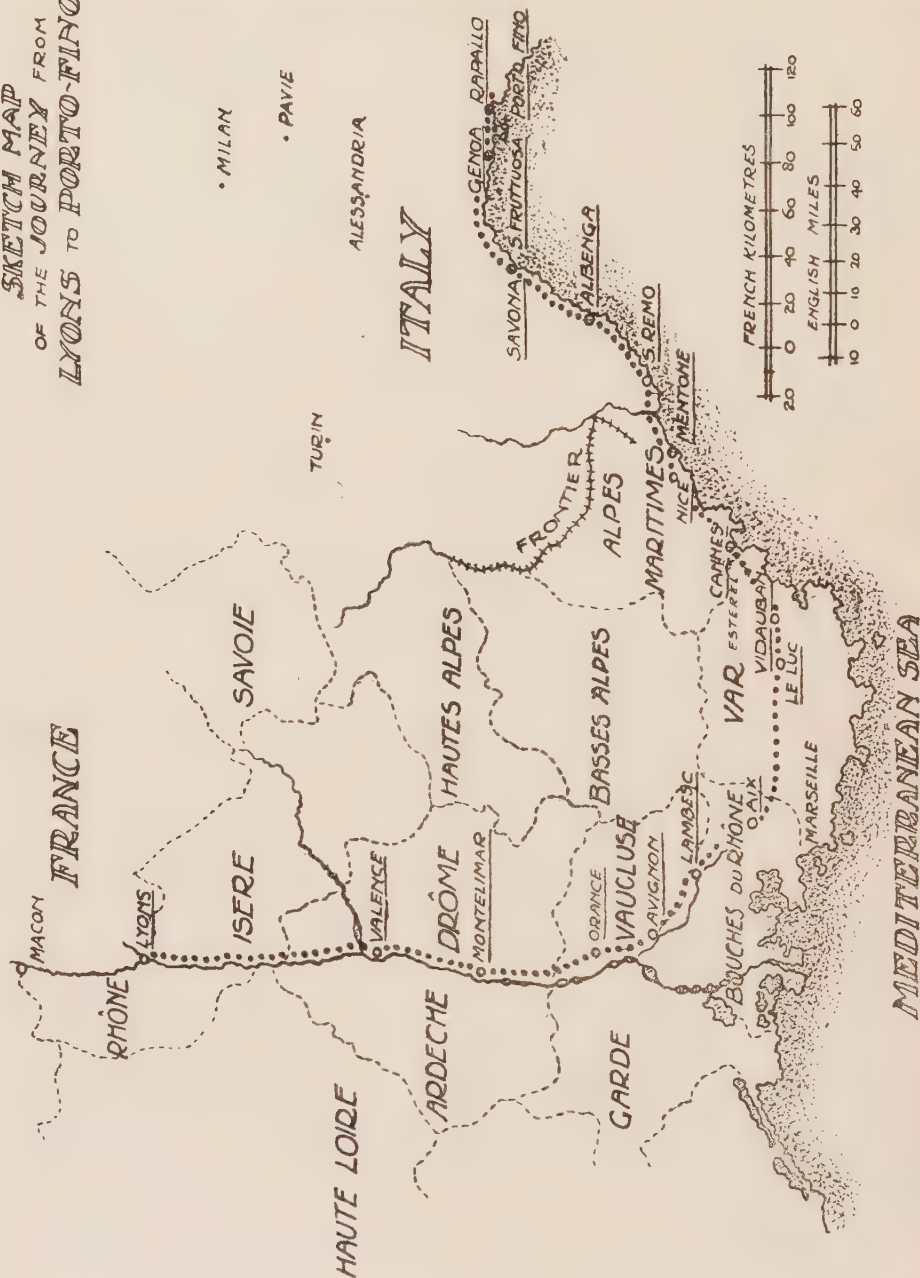
At each bend of the road a still more glorious view greeted them. Miles away to the south-west the horizon was fringed with snow-clad mountains, and the rolling hills below them were chequered with all the colours of early spring.

It was a grand road up, with wide sweeping curves and a smooth, firm surface. There were no hedgerows to interfere with the view, and the sun shone brightly and with perceptible warmth.

Grey Fairy breasted the ascent without a symptom of fatigue, and Mr. Davies negotiated the sharp turns on the downward journey, as if he had lived among mountains all his life.

Merrily they ran down to Tarare, still catching beautiful glimpses of distant hills. At L'Arbreole they left the river, and soon the pall of smoke overhanging Lyons showed them that they were near the end of their day's journey. They came on tram-lines, muddy roads, and much traffic, moving slowly to the great town as the evening closed in, and drew up at the Hotel Terminus.

SKETCH MAP
OF THE JOURNEY FROM
LYONS TO PORTO-FINO



Percy W. Lovell del.

CHAPTER X

OLIVES AND SUNSHINE

It was now spring,
And Flora had embroidered all the meads
With sweet variety.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

“ **H**ERE’S a letter from the Man,” said the Painter, as they sat at breakfast early the next morning. “ I’m sure it’s his handwriting. What a fat one! He must have a lot to tell us. We’ll read it as we go along.”

They crossed the bridge over the Rhône, and a little later turned from the Avenue Berthelot into the “ Route de Paris à Antibes.” I wonder why Antibes was chosen instead of Avignon, which comes before it: but what a pleasant scent of the south and flowers lies in the name!

The morning was fine, though cloudy, and there was a feeling of warmth in the air. The outskirts of Lyons, like those of all other big manufacturing towns, are dirty and squalid in some parts; ugly and unfinished in others, and it takes many miles to shake off the tram-lines.

“ Saint Symphorien seems a most popular person in these parts,” said the Painter, “ we passed St. Symphorien-de-Lay yesterday; we’re just coming to another village of that name, and I see a third on the map called St. Symphorien-sur-Oise.”

The whole of their journey lay in the Rhône valley. For many miles Grey Fairy ran close to the river, with its rapid, muddy stream: so rapid that it seemed impossible for any boat to make headway against it.

However, on rounding a bend, they saw a steam tug panting and puffing upstream, with a train of great barges in tow.

"Please read the Man's letter," begged Yvette, "we do want to know what's in it."

So the Painter tore open the bulky envelope, carefully spread out the contents, and this is what he read:

My dear Painter,

I hope this will catch you at Lyons, because Titania has been telling me some more about the Doria Lantern, and I want you to hear about it before you get to Avignon, which is your next stop, I fancy.

"O-o-oh, that sounds exciting!" cried Yvette, hunching up her shoulders, "please go on."

You will remember she told us that the brave old boatswain, Giuseppe, used to tell Countess Jacqueline that only he and the old Admiral knew where the "luck" was hidden: which seemed odd, as the Admiral had been dead for many years.

I found out from Titania that the old boatswain used sometimes to mutter things that the Countess couldn't make head or tail of. She often caught the word "fruttuoso."

"By Jove," exclaimed the Painter, "I believe I can throw some light on that; I'm almost certain old Andrea Doria is buried at San Fruttuoso on the sea shore, close to Hoffmann's Castello. Anyhow, we'll be able to find out. But what puzzles me is why our friend Jacqueline didn't know that."

"Perhaps she didn't like to go down by the sea again," suggested Marietta. "I know I wouldn't if I had been caught by those horrid Turks!"

"I like Turkish Delight all the same," said Marietta.

"Let's see what else the Man says," said the Painter.

Giuseppe was always drawing funny signs on bits of paper, or tracing them on the ground with a stick. They were always the same: a kind of three-legged Swastika looking thing; an insect like a beetle or an ant; and the word "Ovis."

"Ovis did he say? that's a funny word," said Yvette, "it sounds like what Lizzie calls our bread; but Nanny calls it Hovis!"

"It's a Latin word which means a sheep," said the Painter, "and I'm fairly puzzled. Old Giuseppe wouldn't know Latin, unless, perhaps, he had picked up a few words to do with navigation; that means steering ships in the right direction; or, possibly, the names of some of the stars. Stop a minute, what about the Zodiac? If it had been a ram or a goat even, but a woolly sheep!"

"Why would he know about the other animals?" asked Yvette.

"They come in the signs of the Zodiac: haven't you read your Rudyard Kipling? Leo the Lion, Taurus the Bull, Aries the Ram, Pisces the Fishes, Virgo the Maiden, Libra the Scales, Aquarius the Waterman, Gemini the Twins, Scorpio the Scorpion, Sagittarius the Archer; and there must be two more; let me see," and he ran them over again, "I've left out Cancer the Crab and Capricornus the Goat."

"I'm sure those two come in my geography book," said Yvette.

"Ovis is a puzzle," said the Painter, "but let's see what else he says:

Now, as you know, Countess Jacqueline's Castle is at Avignon, or close by: so it's just possible that if there are any papers left in it belonging to her family, you might light on something more. It's worth trying: the date of the loss of the Admiral's ship was some years after the battle of Lepantò, and that was fought in 1571, not so very long ago.

If the old boatswain buried the Lantern anywhere on the coast of Italy, as I strongly suspect, the signs may possibly have something to do with the hiding place. If the Statuette was really a present from the exiled Pope at Avignon in the XIV Century, and stands in a shrine made by Benvenuto Cellini, it's well worth trying for, isn't it?

I'm having the. . .

He says he's having some difficulty with Titania over the decoration of the Palace," said the Painter hastily, "and he goes on about things that wouldn't interest you.

Now," he continued, folding up the letter, "I'll give either of you a box of nougat, for we are just coming to Montélimar, where it's made, if you'll give me some idea how we are to find the Doria Lantern by the help of a three-legged swastika, a beetle, and the word Ovis."

"It doesn't sound very easy," Yvette admitted gloomily.

Shortly after they had passed the town of Vienne they ran under the great rocky jaws which protected Lyons in the olden days against an attack from the south; crowned on both sides of the river by giant castles, now in ruins, but looking still grander in decay.

The castle on the left bank frowned down from an almost inaccessible cliff above the roadway, recalling the days when strings of pack mules wound along the reedy track close by the river's edge, their escort breathing a sigh of relief as they passed through the great natural barrier into safe ground beyond.

The girls were so hungry after their early start that they wanted to stop at Valence; but the Painter, who had heard of the excellence of the hotel at Montélimar, persuaded them to wait.

They were rewarded, for, after running through the little town which gives its name to the best nougat (I'm sure every child knows what that is!), they turned into the garden of a most attractive inn, where they found the best of entertainment for man and car; a host who wasn't above seeing to the comfort of his guests; and some real southern sunshine, which dappled the whitewashed walls with the shadows of spring foliage.

"Have either of you thought of the meaning of Giuseppe's signs?" asked the Painter, as they strolled back into the town after an excellent luncheon, "because here's the nougat!"

"I've been thinking hard about the kind of swastika with three legs," said Yvette, "but the only thing with three legs like that which I can remember was on an Isle of Man penny Daddy showed me."

"Saperlipopette!" exclaimed the Painter, "to use a local expression; I believe clever Yvette has solved a bit of the riddle without knowing it. The Isle of Man is a three-cornered island, hence the three legs on the penny; but it isn't the only one which has three corners by any means. There's another which used to have the same signs on its coins long before the Manx people chose it."



ARCH AT ORANGE

"Do tell us where it was," cried the two girls, dancing round him.

"It used to be called Trinacria," he answered, "but you will know it better by its modern name, Sicily." He dived into the nearest shop, for every shop in Montélimar sells nougat, and reappeared with a box of the world-famed sweetmeat; fresh and creamy it was, with almonds imbedded all over it.

"Miss Sherlock Holmes," he said solemnly, presenting Yvette with his purchase, "it is my privilege to offer you this little token of our recognition of your skill in deciphering the first link in our chain of evidence." "A mixed metaphor," he murmured under his breath, and it was lucky they didn't hear him, or they would certainly have said "aeroplanes."

"There isn't the slightest doubt in my mind that Giuseppe meant Sicily by his three legs; so that's where our lantern lies!"

Soon after leaving the Hotel de la Poste at Montélimar, with its garden of oleanders and palms, the Painter pointed out the first stunted specimens of the olive, outposts of the silvery trees they were to run under for so many miles along the Riviera.

"What is the Riviera?" Marietta asked him.

"It's the name they give to the sea coast between Marseilles in France and Spezia in Italy," said the Painter. "The place we're bound for is a good bit more than half way along it, just beyond Genoa."

We're now fairly in the 'Midi de la France, Section Centrale' of the French motoring maps; Cartes Taride they're called. And don't forget that Midi means south, not middle, as Marietta was about to say. . . ."

"I wasn't!" said that young lady indignantly.

The sun was quite hot, the roads white and dusty, and they were all glad to discard the heavy wraps of the north.

Soon they came to the little town of Orange, the entrance guarded by a magnificent Roman archway.

"It's funny to think," said the Painter, "that this picturesque

town lying snugly in a bend of the Rhône valley, quite close to Avignon, which was for so long the home of the Popes, should be the property which gave his name to William of Orange, who we know as, . . .” and he looked at Yvette.

“William of Orange,” she repeated thoughtfully; “I know I’ve read about him in my history book; let me see—William of Orange . . . why, of course, how stupid of me, he was William III, who fought the Battle of the Boyne: that’s why they call the people in the north of Ireland Orangemen.”

“Quite right,” said the Painter; “it seems funny that a town so close to the Palace of the Popes should have given its name to an organization which is so bitterly opposed to them. But so it is; for in the year 1531 Orange became part of the estate of the Counts of Nassau, and remained in the possession of the House of Orange-Nassau until the death of our William III. I wonder how many of the people who put on their Orange scarves on July 12th of each year know that such a place exists!”

The sun was setting as the grim walls of Avignon loomed up in front of them.

“What a lovely old town!” exclaimed Yvette, as Grey Fairy turned in under a battlemented gate, and drew up at the door of the Grand Hotel de l’Europe, with a total of 850 kilomètres to her credit.

“Can we go and see Jacqueline’s castle as soon as we’ve done tea?” she went on anxiously, “there might be something there about the insect, beetle, or whatever it is.”

“I’m afraid Nanny would object to your having such a long walk as that,” said the Painter; “I should advise you to ask Mr. Davies if Grey Fairy would be the better for a rest. There’s a lot to be seen in Avignon, and our next run will include some mountain climbing, so he might like to give her a look over.”

The two girls ran off after the chauffeur, and came back in a few minutes with beaming faces.

“ Mr. Davies says we may stay all to-morrow if we like,” they cried joyfully; “ so now we can find out about the castle and the beetles and Jacqueline and everything! ”

“ That remains to be seen,” said the Painter, “ but we’ll have a good try. Isn’t it glorious to think we’re in the land of olives and sunshine! ”

CHAPTER XI

THE FAIRY WHISPER

So leave thy sick heart's fancies
And lend thy little voice
To the silver song of glory
That bids the world rejoice.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

YVETTE and Marietta slept the sleep of the just after their ten hours in the fresh air. But as soon as Nanny called them their two little tongues went off at a pace which would have put a swallow to shame; and you all know how a swallow twitters outside your window on a sunny morning, don't you?

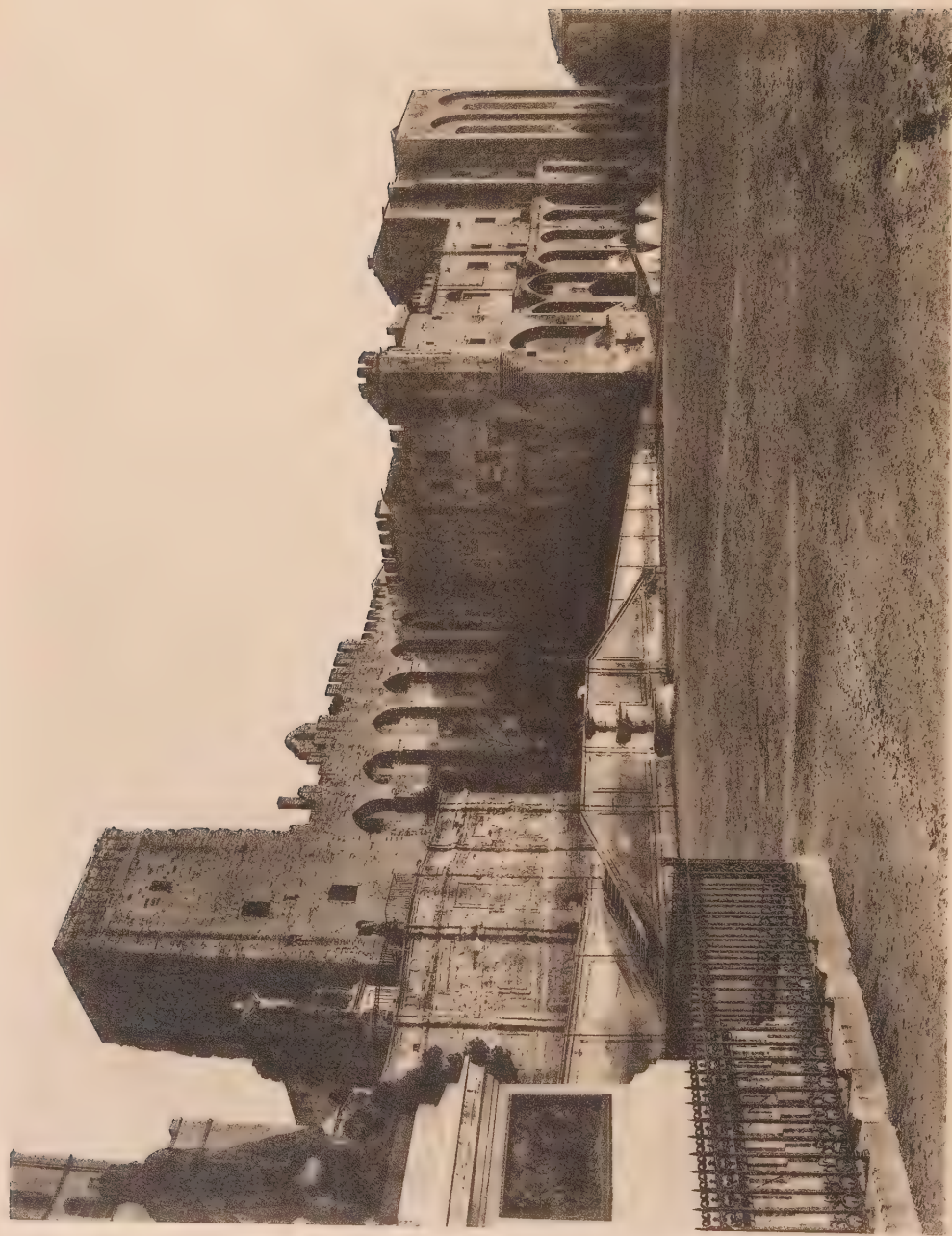
"It's nice to be so close to Jacqueline's castle," said Yvette.

"Isn't it rather familiar to call her Jacqueline?" said Marietta, "she was a Countess you know."

"Oh bother, I like thinking of her as a little girl saved from the Turks best," said Yvette, "why ever do people grow up?"

"But she'd a lovely little girl called Christian, which makes up for it," said Marietta; "I'm sure Christian was lovely, with long golden hair and blue eyes. Her mother must have been dark, with raven black hair; Countesses always were like that."

"Christian's all right," admitted Yvette, "but I love thinking of the time when Jacqueline came back with her father from—Genoa, wasn't it? where the Admiral's ship came in. Can't you see all the people of the village coming to meet them. And there would be lots and lots of children, Girl Guides, and everything; I'm sure she was a Girl Guide!"



PALACE OF THE POPES

"You silly, there weren't any Girl Guides in those days," said Marietta, with decision.

"Well, whatever there were then. I know they simply loved Jacqueline, and came in crowds to welcome her back again. And they met her on that funny broken bridge we passed last night: 'Sur le pont d'Avignon, tout le monde y danse en rond.' Why," she exclaimed, "that must have been the song which they sang when they met her: I never thought of that; it makes it much more interesting, doesn't it?"

"I expect they invented the song as they danced round her: we'll ask the Painter," said Marietta.

The two girls were anxious to set off at once for the castle, but the Painter insisted on their walking up the main street as far as the gigantic façade of the Palace of the Popes.

The walls tower over the roadway to such a height that it's impossible to get a good view of the whole palace except from a distance. Try to imagine what Windsor Castle would look like if you set it down on one side of Cavendish Square!

From the other side of the river one can get a far better idea of the size of the grim stone-built fortress, with its blind arches of solid masonry. Arches are called blind when they are filled up and not used to go through, but simply as an ornament.

At one end of the palace stands a cathedral, and on the tower rises a colossal statue of the Madonna and Child, which gleams golden in the sunlight. Beyond the cathedral lie the shady walks of the Promenade du Rocher des Doms, and the cliff at the end of the plateau overhangs the Rhône.

There wasn't much to see inside the Palace of the Popes; nothing but great bare courtyards and empty rooms, many of them being cleaned out and redecorated, for up to recent years the palace had been used as a barrack!

"Now we'll go off to the Museum and see if the curator, as the gentleman in charge is called, can tell us anything of Miss Jacqueline and her family," said the Painter.

So they walked down a side street and across a courtyard filled with pieces of carved marble and stone from Roman times, and the Painter was soon chatting with the pleasant gentleman who looked after the treasures; while Yvette and Marietta walked round and admired the celebrated Ivory Crucifix and other wonders which lined the walls.

"I've found out something," said the Painter, as they walked back to the hotel. "Countess Jacqueline's family lived in the big castle of Saint André just across the river. But the curator also tells me that it has been in ruins for at least a couple of hundred years, so there's no chance of getting any clues there, I fear."

The two little faces fell. "What a shame!" said Yvette. "I made sure we should find out something about the beetle, or whatever it is, at the castle."

"We'll go and have a look at the castle, anyhow," said the Painter cheerily, "but, my dears, what do these sad faces mean? Rule No. 8, please! What is it, Marietta?"

"A Guide smiles and sings under all difficulties," she repeated, and both the cloudy little faces broke into sunshine again.

After luncheon they crossed the big suspension bridge, and rambled among the ruins of the castle of Saint André, making up tales about the people who lived there so many years before, until they could almost fancy they heard Christian and her mother calling to each other in the grass covered courtyard.

On their way back they stopped to watch a fisherman who used a most remarkable kind of net. It was made on the principle of a water wheel, and he turned it slowly round with a handle; how he ever persuaded fish to get caught in it they couldn't imagine, but he did, and quite big ones too!

The next morning Grey Fairy, very spick and span, left the grey walls of Avignon behind her, and mounted the hill which led up to the village of Lambesc.

As they topped the hill, the girls gave a cry of delight. There



PONT D'AVIGNON AND FISHERMAN

below them lay mile after mile of richly wooded country, and far away, like sapphire melting into silver, lay the sea.

"There's your first view of the Mediterranean, Marietta," said the Painter. "Yvette's such a traveller that it's quite an old friend to her."

Since leaving Moulins they hadn't put up the cape hood, and as they looked at the peaceful and majestic masses of cumulus cloud rising out of the grey haze on the horizon, the deep blue sky above, and the hills below them bathed in sunlight, coats, hoods, and umbrellas seemed relics of a bygone day. Yet it was only the end of February.

"We've a jolly long run before us to-day," said the Painter; "Mr. Davies wants to make Cannes to-night, and the roads about here aren't over good. So we mustn't waste any time at Aix-en-Provence. We'll just have luncheon and off again."

They ran quickly through the Boulevard de la République into the broad Cours Mirabeau, flanked by a double avenue of plane trees, where stands the hotel Nègre Coste; a funny name, as both the girls agreed, but the luncheon it gave them was excellent.

Then they headed once more for the open country. The road lay like a white ribbon, sometimes visible for miles ahead, over a flat plain. Here and there an outcrop of grey rock showed above the red earth of vineyards and of groves of stunted olive trees; occasionally a shepherd leaning on his staff would turn his tanned and bearded face as they sped by; but his scraggy flock was too busy hunting the few blades of grass and thyme among the rocks to look up.

A few miles to their left rose limestone cliffs, so regular in outline that they seemed like the walls of some giant fortification.

"Another story, please," said Yvette.

"It strikes me that I'm doing all the story-telling this journey," said the Painter, "it's high time you two lazy little people set your brains to work again."

"We're really thinking out some nice ones together," said Yvette, "but the worst of it is, just as we are making a start, Nanny comes in

and puts out the light; the next thing we know is that she's waking us up again."

"I see that I shall have to carry on until we get to the castello," said the Painter; "well, here goes."

THE FAIRY WHISPER

The King and Queen of Fairyland were sitting together in Titania's boudoir. It still smelt faintly of fresh paint, but they were so pleased to be there, they didn't mind trifles like that!

"King!" said the Queen suddenly, and Oberon gave a little jump.

"You startled me, my dear," he explained, "I'm so accustomed to your addressing me as Obe."

"Oh, that was days ago, we must keep up with the times; you wouldn't like people to say I'm old-fashioned, would you?"

"I'm afraid you sometimes go a little quickly for me," said Oberon, "but what was it you were going to say?"

"It's about these newspapers," she said, picking up the one which lay on her knee, "something must really be done about the kind of news they print every day. Just listen to this:

SERIOUS CHARGE AGAINST A WASP—DARK DOINGS IN A MOLEHILL — NEWT'S BIG POISON DOSE — LADYBIRD'S HOME BURNT TO ASHES—WALKED INTO A TRAP—YOUNG CUCKOO'S HEARTLESS CONDUCT—DEFALCATIONS OF AN ADDER—and so it goes on.

Now, I ask you, how in Fairyland can our poor subjects eat a cheerful breakfast with headlines like those staring them in the face? It's positively disgraceful, just as the fogs are beginning, and everyone wants cheering up.

And then look at the posters," she went on. "Why, only the other evening I saw one with

WHAT ELFLAND WANTS

in huge letters, issued by the *Pixie's Pioneer*."

"Well, my dear," said Oberon, "I'm sure you had no fault to find with that: it's most satisfactory to find our evening papers taking up really important national needs. I've no doubt that the article to which the poster called attention, was about the need of honest work, or economy; something like that. What with extravagance, strikes in the crystal mines, endless quarrels between elves who have too much money and elves who haven't enough, Fairyland is being ruined: I'm very glad that the newspapers are taking up serious questions at last."

Titania smiled. "That's exactly what I thought myself," she said, "so I bought a paper; I found that what Elfland wanted, according to the *Pioneer*, were—what do you think?"

"I've just told you, my dear: more economies, more work, more friendliness between class and class, less taxation, too."

"What Elfland wants," said Titania triumphantly, "according to the *Pioneer*, are

HEAVIER FORWARDS."

"Whatever does that mean?" asked Marietta.

"It must have had something to do with a Rugby Football Match," said the Painter. "Forwards are the big players who just push and push and push in a big perspiring lump; and then, when they've pushed and pushed at each other for a long time, they move off to another part of the field and start pushing all over again."

"It doesn't sound very exciting," said Yvette.

"It isn't," said the Painter, "it's called the 'scrum,' and it always makes me think that somebody's dropped a sixpence in a charity school. I played the Association game myself," he added, "but let's get on with the Fairy newspapers."

". . . I spoke to the editor of the *Gnomic Groan* the other day," said the King, stroking the back of his head, just where the crown had worn his hair thin; it was a favourite habit of his when he was worried. "He says he must publish what the Fairies and Elves want to read."

"Rubbish!" exclaimed Titania, and she repeated, "Rubbish! The poor Fairies have to read what is put before them. It's gloomy newspapers make gloomy minds. I'm going to put a stop to it," she said in a determined voice; and she took out her tablets and began writing. . . .

"How ever could she write on tablets? I thought they were kind of lozenges you have for coughs and things," said Marietta.

"You're thinking of tabloids, I expect," said Yvette. "Tablets are a kind of ivory notebook sort of thing they used a long time ago; my granny had some."

"Well, I don't think Titania was very up to date then," said Marietta, "but perhaps they were just coming into fashion again," she added thoughtfully, "things do, don't they?"

". . . Listen to this," said Titania, when she'd finished writing: "'Their Majesties are much displeased with the nature of the articles published in the *Gnomic Groan* and other newspapers in Fairyland. They consider that it is impossible for any Fairy or Sprite to begin the day in a proper frame of mind after reading the newspapers as they are edited at present. Their Majesties have therefore decided to suppress the *Groan*, and substitute a daily paper called the *Fairy Whisper*, which shall contain only cheerful news, under penalty of their royal displeasure.' How does that strike you?" she asked.

"I hope you'll be able to make it pay," said Oberon.

"Oh, that doesn't matter so much," said Titania airily, "what I want to see are headlines like these:

RETRIEVER RESCUES RABBIT—SHOULD BUTTERFLIES
JAZZ?—BRAVERY OF A BEE—CLOVER FOR PIGS—BIG
SCORE BY A CRICKET—and so on."

"I wish your venture every success," said Oberon politely.

* * * * *

The afternoon was closing into evening as they ran through Le Luc, Vidauban, and Le Muy into Fréjus; St. Raphaël lay a mile

or so to their right, close to the sea. Before them rose the wooded hills of the Esterel, clearly outlined against the evening sky. Beyond the hills lay their destination, Cannes.

Grey Fairy rose grandly at the first steep gradient of the highway over the Esterel. Although too early in the year for the full beauty of spring foliage, the trees were veiled in a mist of bright green buds. Farther up, the conifers, pines, firs, and larches clothed the rocks with a more sombre mantle.

Mont Vinaigre, the highest peak, rises to the respectable height of about two thousand feet above the sea.

"You haven't looked at the letter that nice man at the Museum left at the hotel last night," said Yvette, "there's still enough light to see what he says."

"Bless me, yes," said the Painter, "I'm glad you reminded me: you know how forgetful I am about letters, Yvette."

He spread out a big sheet of paper on the rug, and the two girls bent their little heads over it.

"This is what's called a family tree; there's another awfully long word for it too, but I won't bother you with that! It's the way we can show the children, grandchildren, and great-grandchildren of people who lived ever so long ago. Come quite close and look at the first names at the top."

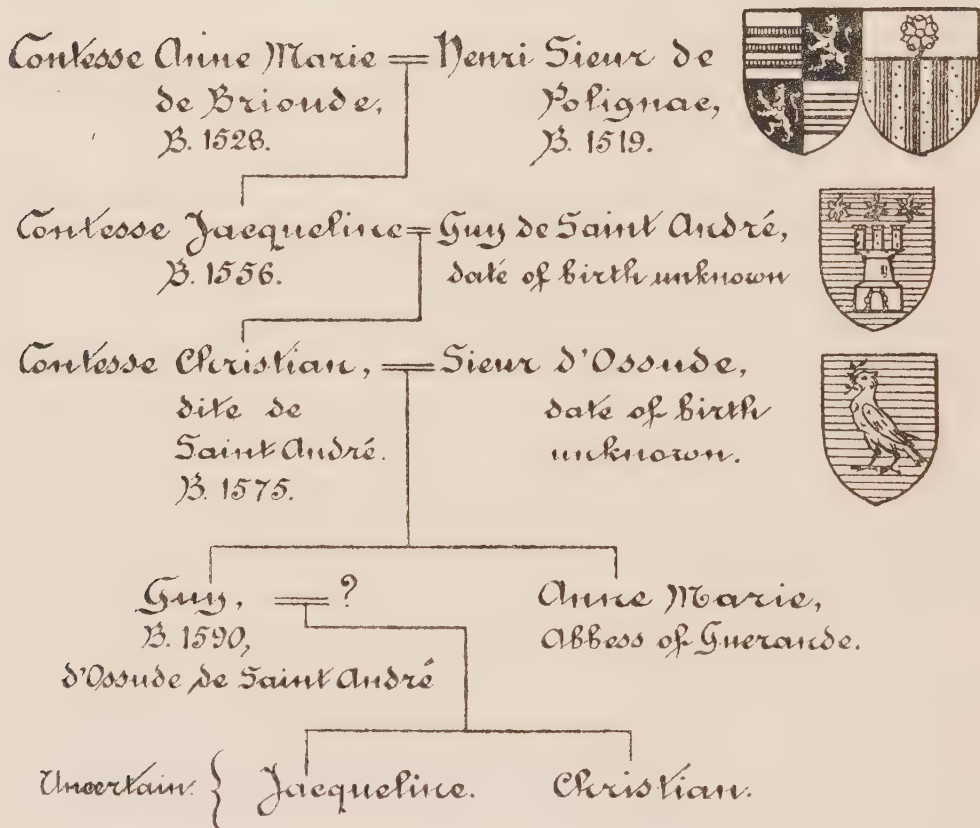
The paper was covered with a network of lines, each starting from a little patch of writing.

"You see first the names Countess Anne Marie de Brioude and Sieur de Polignac, with two short lines between them; that means they were married, and the dates below give the year they were born—the lady in 1528 and her lord in 1519.

Then, below, you see Jacqueline, our young friend, their only child, born in 1550, who married Guy de Saint André; no doubt that's why they called their castle by that name.

Countess Jacqueline, as we know, had a daughter, Christian, born in 1575; also an only child, who married a Count d'Ossude. At last

Genealogical Table showing Descent of the Family of D'Ossude de Saint André of Avignon.



J. Deperrière
Directeur.

there was a son in the family, for they had one called Guy, after his grandfather, as well as a daughter, Anne Marie; she didn't marry, but became Abbess of the famous convent at Guérande in Brittany.

There's a note at the end saying that Count Guy d'Ossude married and settled in Paris, and that he is believed to have carried on the family names in his own children, so I suppose he had a Jacqueline and a Christian, too."

"Wouldn't it be fun to come across a Jacqueline d'Ossude!" said Yvette; "I'm sure she'd be a darling."

"I wonder if she'd take after the fair little girl we know of, or the dark mother," said Marietta.

"I'm afraid you're rather jumping to conclusions," said the Painter, laughing, "I don't recollect seeing either one or the other myself!"

"You must thank the kind Museum man for taking such a lot of trouble," said Yvette.

"Of course I shall," said the Painter. "I was afraid your first lesson in genealogy, that's the long word, would be a little dull."

"I think it's much too interesting to be called lessons," said Yvette.

They had surmounted the highest point of the journey and were running merrily down to the outskirts of Cannes, when, suddenly—BANG! Brakes were sharply applied and Grey Fairy drew up at the side of the road.

"That's a tyre gone!" said Mr. Davies, who, on examination, found the damage caused by a broken bottle. The sunset was lighting up the distant peaks of the Alpes Maritimes as our party sat on the lichen-covered rocks at the side of the road, and all the air was filled with the scent of thyme. To change the tyre took but a few minutes, and they were soon off again.

Twilight on the shores of the Mediterranean is very short indeed; one can almost say, "At one stride came the dark." So their last seven miles into Cannes, in the dark, over bad roads, past crawling

carts, their drivers asleep, forced constantly to take refuge in stony places to avoid the clanging tram-cars, were not the pleasantest part of the journey. They had travelled altogether 224 kilomètres, about 130 miles, that day over very indifferent roads, and it was past seven o'clock when Grey Fairy came to rest at last under the glowing arc lamps of the hotel at Cannes.

CHAPTER XII

SAPPHIRE SEAS

A garden in old days with hanging walks,
Fountains, and tanks, and rose-banked terraces
Girdled by gay pavilions and the sweep
Of stately palace fronts.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

NEXT morning the southern sun blazed in as the two girls threw the long French windows wide open and stepped on to the balcony of their room.

A fringe of palms and olive trees, with dazzling white villas peeping up from among them, lay between the hotel garden and the quiet sea, which rippled just enough to make myriads of diamonds dance in the sunlight.

They heard a crisp rustle of palm leaves above them, and the tinkling scrape, scrape of the gardener below, as he raked out the furrows left by Grey Fairy in the smooth shingle of the hotel approach.

"If you had been up at sunrise," said the Painter, as they joined him in the hall, "you might have caught a glimpse of the island of Corsica. It's eighty miles away, but when the sun is just behind it, you can see the black outline of Monte Rotondo, the highest peak, quite plainly. By the way," he added slyly, "who was the most famous Corsican?"

Yvette and Marietta looked perplexed.

"I'm shocked," he said laughing. "It only shows what a lot there is for you to learn! King Oberon would be very upset if he knew

that two of his Star-Maidens didn't know the name of his favourite hero. . . ."

"Of course, I know now!" cried Yvette, "Napoleon."

"Come along to breakfast," said the Painter.

"Run up and put on your shadiest hats," he said, as soon as they had enjoyed the fragrant tangerine oranges which make such a pleasant finale to the Riviera breakfasts. "Davies tells me he won't want to start until after luncheon, as we have only to go as far as Mentone; it's not more than a four hours' run, even if the roads aren't good. So we'll enjoy a stroll through Cannes."

Both Yvette and Marietta were enthusiastic over the Flower Market, which extended the whole length of the open Place down by the harbour. Canvas awnings sheltered masses of golden mimosa, anemones of every shade, carnations, freesias, gladioli, violets, and roses; while the air was heavy with the scent of mignonette. Here and there, where the sun found its way through the awning and the still leafless plane trees above it, the brilliance of the colour almost hurt the eye.

They walked a little way along the sea wall to admire the stately yachts with their spotless white decks and winking brasswork, every tiny detail reflected on the still water as in a mirror. Dainty boats, painted as only southern peoples can paint them, were sleeping here and there, and a row of their fellows were drawn up on the soft sand which fringed the harbour.

Then they wended their way up the Rue d'Antibes, with its cobbles a dazzling white in the sunshine, pausing here and there to flatten their noses against the shop windows. Very attractive shops they were too, displaying all the latest eccentricities of Paris fashions. So they wandered on through the town; then, turning down to the sea front to admire the old castle with its twin towers, and the distant view of the Esterels, they walked under the palms which shade the Promenade de la Croisette, and, boarding a noisy, but useful, tram-car, made their way back to the hotel.

CHAPTER XIII

BABES OF THE STARLIGHT

The lids of Fancy's sleepless eyes
Are gates unto that Paradise,
Holy thoughts, like stars, arise,
Its clouds are angels' wings.

LONGFELLOW.

AFTER luncheon they settled themselves once more in their places and Grey Fairy started off for Nice.

Those who have recently walked or driven along the great cliff road of the Riviera, known as the Cornice, will know that the adventure is one of peril. This is due to the reckless driving of foreign and, I fear, English chauffeurs. Almost the whole way from Cannes to Mentone, the road carries electric trams as well as a constant stream of automobiles. Between Cannes and Nice the road runs for the most part some little distance from the sea, through a flat and rather uninteresting stretch of country. This portion is safe and free from blind corners.

Thereafter the road serpentine round the knees of great red limestone cliffs, twisting in and out of innumerable gullies, often overhung with giant boulders, and with a sheer drop of hundreds of feet into the sea. Sometimes, indeed, the roadway is tunnelled through solid rock, the roof green and glistening with trickling rivulets.

"What does Pagan mean?" asked Yvette, "because my daddy used to say Titania was a Pagan; is it a nice thing to be?"

"It's not at all a nice thing to be now," said the Painter, "but once upon a time everyone was a Pagan, because there was nothing

else they could very well be! Pagan originally meant someone who lived in the country; afterwards it became something like Infidel: people who weren't Christians. But your Daddy was mixing up Fairies with Dryads and Fauns and Nymphs, as they were called, who used to live in the woods and by the rivers years and years ago. At that time Pan was still alive."

"Do you mean Peter Pan?" asked Marietta.

"Not Peter, my dear, he's still very much alive; he was called after his great namesake. The Pan I mean was a kind of King of the Fairies about the time that the gods and goddesses you saw on the Music Gallery lived on Olympus."

"Was there a Mrs. Pan?" asked Yvette.

"There must have been," said the Painter; "somebody nice and kind was wanted to look after the dear little Nymphs; the Fauns were sometimes very rough, you know; and then there were funny looking people called Satyrs, with legs like goats have, and cloven hoofs, who didn't behave at all nicely.

I really forget who Mrs. Pan was, but some people say she was Queen Titania's mother."

"She must have been jolly nice then," said Marietta.

"In those days," the Painter continued, "they were Pagans because they hadn't got the Bible to teach them; so there was some excuse for them if they were noisy and quarrelsome, and didn't go to church."

"Are the little Fairies *always* good now?" asked Yvette.

"Why of course they are," said the Painter, "don't you know how they come into Fairyland?"

"Do tell us," said the two girls.

"When the Angels bring your little brothers and sisters down from the sky on the moonbeams," he went on, "they brush through the veil of stars which is put up to keep us from seeing into Heaven before it's time for us to go there.

As their wings brush against the starlight, a little of it comes off

on their feathers. It looks just like the sparkles you see on frosted Christmas cards, only far, far brighter.

Then, when they've left their precious burden, their wings rustle as they turn to go back, and a little of the starlight is shaken off. Each little sparkle is one of the tiniest Fairy babies you can imagine. They never quite lose the starlight they came from, and the moonbeams they've been through, even when they grow up; that's why there are such lovely mother-of-pearl colours on their wings."

"I don't know why that should make them always good!" said Marietta. "I once saw a little girl at a party with a lovely frock, all over spangly things which sparkled, and she was awfully naughty!"

"Marietta!" said Yvette, in a tone of reproof, "didn't you hear the Painter say they came straight from the veil of Heaven?"

CHAPTER XIV

THE SPIDER'S WEB

"Here every prospect pleases."

Hymn.

"HOW are you going to describe this bit of the drive in a book?" asked Yvette; "do look at the colour of the sea: I never could have believed it could be such a deep blue: my mummie's got a ring which looks a little bit like it; but then, it hasn't got those sort of green flashes in it."

"Look right up to the sky too," said Marietta, "just where it comes over the reddy white cliffs right above us; it's almost as blue as the sea, isn't it? Oh!" she cried, as Grey Fairy curved smoothly round a corner; "do look at the sunlight on that little village nestling among the olive trees, and the grey old stone bridge below it, the one we're just coming to, with the waterfall tinkling through it."

"Please, Mr. Davies, make Grey Fairy walk a little," said Yvette, leaning forward, "we've never seen anything like the flowers on those funny built-up terraces the olive trees grow on. Oh! and there are real orange trees growing properly here, and lemon trees too; they're not in big pots like they were at the Torre; and do look at. . . ."

"I have an idea you were asking me how I was going to describe the drive along the lower Cornice," interrupted the Painter, "but you don't give me much time to answer! I'm not going to try to describe it; because we mustn't make the book too big, or the children we've written it for won't be able to afford it. But I believe that's only an excuse, not a reason," he went on, thoughtfully; "I'm afraid it's

really because I can't. One must be honest even in a book, you know!

That big bit of rock sticking right out into the sea, a promontory, as your geography book would call it, covered with big buildings, is Monaco; just the other side of it we shall see the most famous—no, I would rather call it the most notorious, town on the French Riviera; certainly one of the most beautiful. 'Here every prospect pleases and. . . .' Pfeuf! mind the dust; how I hate those racing cars!"

"It is a lovely place!" said Marietta, as they passed across a high bridge over a ravine, and ran into a big open space bright with fresh green grass and flowers: "whatever is that white building all the people are hanging round?"

"That's the Casino of Monte Carlo," said the Painter, "the Humpy Grumpy Spider's web that so many people get caught in." Then, seeing that his hearers looked puzzled, he went on: "There are lots of people who think they haven't enough money, so they come here to try and make it into more, but they only lose what they've got; and there are others who have so much that they like to spend it on a kind of unhealthy excitement they sell inside the Casino: neither are any better for it in the long run, and the funny thing is they know it themselves; but, like the poor little flies, they get dazzled by the sunlight on the Spider's web."

"We'd better tell Fay and Frank to send the Pricker Army here," said Yvette, "they'd soon turn the old Spider out!"

"Unfortunately, the people are not like Fairy Sybil," said the Painter, "they like being caught in the web, and spending money on what they know isn't good for them."

"We could show them a much better way of spending it," said Marietta.

Now a long cape stretched out into the sea before them, covered with pine woods; every here and there villas shone a dazzling white against the dark green of the trees. Tall red cliffs still towered over them, cutting a sharp line against the sapphire sky.

They passed below the village of Roquebrune, perched dizzily on a crag, so far above them that they had to crane their necks right back to see it.

Terrace above terrace planted with silvery olive trees rose on their left, the black trunks twisted into every fantastic shape: and so they ran into Mentone.

“ I will *not* call it Menton,” said the Painter.

I hope my readers have noticed that the scenery was so lovely that Yvette and Marietta didn’t even suggest to the Painter that they wanted a story: so you’ll believe me when I say I can’t describe it!

That evening in their hotel the Painter told them of the wonderful time he spent in that very town when he was a little boy. How he went to school there with such a funny collection of playmates. There were Greeks, Germans, and Russians; boys from Holland and, of course, France; a Canadian, such a fearless little fellow; and only one other from England.

“ I would love to have seen you when you were a little schoolboy!” said Marietta.

“ Perhaps I’d better draw a veil over the scenes of my youth,” said the Painter, laughing; “ you mightn’t look upon me with the same awe and admiration as you do now! ”

“ We’d always like you just the same! ” said Yvette softly.



ARCHWAY AT ALASSIO

CHAPTER XV

JOURNEY'S END

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, "Italy."
Such lovers old are I and she;
So it ever was, so ever shall be.

R. BROWNING.

THE next morning, shortly after leaving Mentone, they crossed the frontier between France and Italy; it's the line you see on your Atlas which divides the two colours.

"If you run over to the other side of the Pont St. Louis, as the bridge over the gorge just ahead of you is called," said the Painter, "you'll be able to stand with one foot in France and the other in Italy, for there's a stone there which marks the actual boundary line." So they trotted off while the Painter and Mr. Davies arranged matters with the passport people.

Then Grey Fairy climbed the long hill which lay between them and Ventimiglia. Looking back they saw below them the crescent-shaped harbour of Mentone; Cap Martin, with its dark woods, lying as if asleep on the blue water; behind it, Monaco, crowned with the giant boulder which frowns down on her sister, Monte Carlo, from the mountains above.

Farther yet, dying into the distant haze, they could see the outline of the Esterel Mountains beyond the fairy town of Cannes.

A view never to be forgotten!

Soon they passed the Scuola Hanbury. "I was present at the

opening of this school," said the Painter; "I wonder if you can guess where the little scholars who attend it come from! They live at the village of Grimaldi, which you can see perched up at the head of the valley we're just coming to."

"That's where Jacqueline stayed with the nuns!" cried Yvette.

"I thought it was all burnt up," said Marietta.

"They re-built the church, but the convent is only a ruin," said the Painter.

They ran down to Bordighera, which lay basking peacefully on its sandy slip; the low hills behind the town rustling with thousands of palm trees. For it is the right of the townsfolk to supply the dried yellow fronds which are carried in Rome on Palm Sunday.

Then on and on until, just outside San Remo, the Painter pointed out the little cottage in the rose garden, where he used to listen to the tales of Garibaldi, told him by old Carlo's father.

Porto Maurizio came next, and then they crept carefully through the villages which cluster down by the sea shore in each little valley. Grey Fairy sometimes could hardly find a way between the houses, so closely did they border the cobbled roadway. The name of the next big town made Marietta prick up her ears.

"Savona!" she exclaimed, "that's where the little blue and white jar came from that Margherita Faraldo gave me last birthday!"

"People won't know about that," said Yvette, "unless they've read about the Torre della Pace."

"Well, that's their fault, not mine," said Marietta stoutly; "I can't help my birthday coming in another book!"

"What a huge lighthouse that is," said Yvette, as Grey Fairy climbed up the rocky point which rises to the west of Genoa.

"It's called the Phare," said the Painter, "and you'll find it used as a mark on much of the old majolica which was made in the neighbourhood; so it's been a beacon here for many, many years. I daresay your friend Jacqueline looked out for it when she came back on old Andrea Doria's ship."



GENOESE SCHOOL CHILDREN

"I know I shall dream about her to-night," said Yvette.

Next day, the last of their journey, they set off in high spirits; for their friend Inez and her Pekinese, Prince Ching (dear, dear, I've put them in the wrong order again!) would be waiting to welcome them at the Dream Castello.

As Grey Fairy hummed through the outskirts of the big town they passed a little flock of baby school children, shepherded by a kindly peasant woman, who had thought of an ingenious way of keeping her charges from straying.

"Look, Yvette," said Marietta, "she's holding a cord which goes round the group of little ones, and they're all clinging on to it, so they can't stray over the road; what a good idea! I wonder if the Fairy babies are taken out for their walks like that!"

"They don't go for walks, they flash," said Yvette.

"I shouldn't like to be their Nanny then," said Marietta, "but I don't suppose the littlest ones can flash very far. Do they go to school?" she asked the Painter.

"Dear me yes," he said, "Fairy children are very well brought up, especially the princes and princesses: they have to learn the names of all the flowers and butterflies, and most of the shells and insects too. But Fairy schools are run on a different plan to the human ones. In the schools of Fairyland they model each little scholar separately as far as possible; they don't stamp them all into one die like tin soldiers.

You see, some human children have more silver in their lead than others, so they don't exactly fit into the mould. The consequence is that when they're stamped into it, some of them won't quite go in; so they come out with frayed edges sticking out all round, like badly-made tin soldiers, and they scratch other folk. It isn't really their fault, because they can't help having too much silver in them, can they? But you may be sure that the Fairies don't make the other mistake of thinking that all the pack is made up of lone wolves!"

"I'm afraid I don't quite understand," said Yvette.

"I expect the Painter was really thinking out loud," said Marietta.

“ We can’t be very far from our journey’s end,” said the Painter. “ Hulloo! I’m afraid that padre has hurt himself; just slow down, Davies.”

In front of them was a limping figure in the long black soutane and shovel hat worn by the Italian priests. The wearer struggled manfully along, though it was evident that he was in great pain.

Grey Fairy pulled up gently alongside, and the Painter, jumping out, asked if he could be of any help.

“ I’m afraid I’ve sprained my ankle by a slip on the pine needles, coming down the hill,” said the old Abbé. “ I’m on my way back to my church at San Fruttuoso; it is still a long way for a lame man to walk to Rapallo, where I shall find a boat: I should indeed be grateful for a ride there; but I mustn’t incommode you.”

“ Oh, there’s heaps and heaps of room,” cried the two girls in their best Italian, “ please get in.”

So the old gentleman was helped into the grey car and made as comfortable as possible. “ I wonder if he could tell us about our Admiral,” whispered Marietta anxiously; “ wasn’t Fruttuoso the word old Giuseppe used to say? ”

The Painter told him the story, and they were delighted to hear that all the Doria family lay in the Chapel crypt of his church.

“ As soon as my foot is cured,” he said, “ I shall be charmed if you will pay our little bay a visit: I will myself conduct you, and we can see if there are any signs to prove the truth of the story of your friend: what was her name again? Titania? Ah yes, the Reine des Fées of your Shakespeare. We have no Fairies in Italy,” he added, smiling.

“ I hope he doesn’t know why! ” whispered Yvette.



THE DREAM CASTELLO

CHAPTER XVI

THE DREAM CASTELLO

Here the sweet smels that doe perfume the ayre,
Arising from the infinite repayre
Of odoriferous buds, and hearbs of price
(As if it were another paradise)
So please the smelling sence, that you are faine
Where last you walked to turn and walk againe.

W. BROWNE.

IT was a dreadfully bumpy road that Grey Fairy had to follow down the hill to Rapallo, twisting in and out among cork trees and chestnut trees. I won't tell you about Rapallo now, or the dear little bay of San Michele; for you'll be longing to see the Castello and the old friends there. They left their friend the Abbé at the little jetty from which the steamer starts for San Fruttuoso, the Painter seeing him comfortably settled on board.

Then they ran through Santa Margherita, with its row of brightly painted boats pulled up on the sandy beach, under an avenue of palm-trees, in and out of the gullies which ran into the cliffs lying beyond the town, until Mr. Davies pulled up in front of the church of San Giorgio, just above Porto-Fino.

Here they must get out, for the Castello can only be reached by a pathway leading up through the fragrant pine woods; there is no carriage drive.

"Good-bye, Mr. Davies, and thank you very, very much; we *have* enjoyed it!" and Yvette and Marietta shook their kind chauffeur warmly by the hand.

You wouldn't have forgotten to do that, would you?

Then Yvette turned to the Magic Carpet. "Good-bye, dear Grey Fairy," she said with a little catch in her voice; and she leant forward and kissed the protecting arm which had been round her for a thousand miles.

"Here are Ching and Inez!" cried Marietta joyfully, and the three friends were soon chattering away together as they walked up the rocky pathway.

"I hope the Humber behaved nicely," said Mr. Hoffmann, after he had welcomed them to the Castello.

"Oh please," begged Yvette, "don't call her that. She's our dear Grey Fairy now! She's been so good to us, and we did enjoy our ride awfully much; it was good of you!"

That evening they told Inez all about the Crystal Tear, and their plan for forming a Child's Cradle League.

Inez was most indignant at the mere suggestion that she wasn't really fond of babies.

"There are two little children here, French ones, I simply love," she said; "you'd be tickled to death to see them in their bathing suits, *maillots* they call them."

"Fancy thinking I didn't know the French for that!" said Marietta indignantly; "but we meant real babies, the ones that dribble," she explained, "but they soon don't. You'll simply love the tidy ones, all pinky and powdery, and making that funny little gurgling noise to show they're pleased. And you'll have such a lovely badge as Chief Rosebud. The Fairy Queen does think of jolly nice names to tell the Painter; I love being called a Star-Maiden!"

"Of course, it's much nicer when it's your baby," Yvette admitted.

"Well, they don't know they're not when they're quite tiny," said Marietta, "so you can always pretend they are: I always do."

"But I shouldn't know how to carry them," objected Inez; "I'm always frightened I'll drop them."

"Oh, you wouldn't be let!" said Yvette, horrified; "they never



HARBOUR OF PORTO-FINO

allow you to carry them until you've a Child Nurse badge; and not always then, some Nannies at least."

"You *will* be Chief Rosebud, won't you?" she went on in her most persuasive tone of voice; and Yvette's voice can be persuasive I can assure you!

"Well, I guess I'd love to wear that badge," said Inez, "but say, when do you start your old Cradle League?"

"It's you've got to start it, not us!" said Yvette hastily. "We've got ones already. You must get your daddy to say yes, and then think and think, like Marietta and I do, and you'll find it'll come quite easy. And only think how pleased Queen Titania will be when she finds the Crystal Tear-stand empty!"

"I guess I'll start right away!" said Inez.

"The Painter will just love the Castello," said Marietta to Yvette, when Inez had shown them all its treasures! "It's simply full of those Majolica vases. Drug jars he calls them: just the kind he likes."

"I'm not sure I should trust him with them if I was Mr. Hoffmann," said Yvette laughing, "he's always picking them up and stroking them as if they were alive! Did you see those cases of china knife-handles? Inez says they were collected by the owner of the Dream Castello, who gave his best things to the Genoa Museum."

"I call that awfully good of him," said Marietta, "I'd simply hate parting with my majolica Bambino and china frog!"

"But all the same, it's nice for beautiful things to be in places where everybody, rich or poor, can see them," said Yvette, "don't you remember the Painter said so in Santa Croce? He made a little museum himself once. I've seen it."

"Come along and take Ching for a run in the garden," said Marietta; the conversation was getting a little beyond her! "Let's find Inez"; and they ran happily off together.

Knowing the two as well as you do, you won't be surprised to hear that they had already made great friends with the gardener, a bronzed old Ligurian *contadino*, or peasant. He was overjoyed at

finding they both talked fluent Italian, and soon told them all the wonderful tales of the country round. They learnt from him the pretty local names for the flowers: Madre selva for honeysuckle; orchids described as Our Lady's Slippers, Scarpette di Madonna; syringa he dubbed fior d'angelo, and snapdragon, bocca di leone, the lion's mouth. The periwinkle's heavenly blue earned it the title of fior di Paradiso.

Rosemary, thyme, lavender, marjoram, rue, and lemon verbena gave out their "smels," as the dear old Elizabethan poet calls them: while the fragrant wind which breathed its warmth through the rustling pines was laden with the scent of roses:

Oh, to be in Italy, any time of year.

But if I linger any longer in the Earthly Paradise I'll have to start a second volume!

("You simply must tell them about Santa Margherita and San Michele," says Yvette.)

"That's a lovely yacht down there," said Marietta, peeping through the twisted branches down at the quiet anchorage below. "It looks exactly as if it was asleep; and what dazzling white decks it's got!"

"You really mustn't call her 'it,'" said Yvette, in a tone of reproof; "you'll be calling Grey Fairy 'it' next!"

"It looks like an American flag it's, I mean she's, got hung up on the post at the end; all stripey and starry: but it's hanging so still it's hard to see. Inez!" she called out, "whose is the big yacht?"

Inez looked up from her book; "is there another one in as well as ours?" she asked.

"Is that huge ship yours?" asked the two girls in awestruck voices.

"Why sure, that's my poppa's yacht *Fairyland*," she said, with a touch of pride in her voice; "we've all got yachts like that in the States."



SANTA MARGHERITA

"What! everybody?" said Marietta, with a gasp.

"Well, nearly everybody," was the reply, "but say, would you like to see my cabin?"

"Oh, we just should!" said the two girls.

So they ran off down the path and were soon being shown all the wonders of the Steam Yacht *Fairyland* by Mr. John Goldring, the mate. "The skipper's ashore," he explained.

He and the engineer took them down straight clanging ladders into the depths, where heavy steel arms lay folded and at rest: great crank shafts lay there, shining with an oily sweat, as if in slumber after the tireless clanking which drove the *Fairyland* ever onward when, a few weeks ago, she followed almost the very path traced by Columbus three hundred years before.

Mr. Goldring promised to ask Captain Angus if the three girls might take a trip round the bays, where grey stone houses dip their knees into the pearly water, as only Italian houses can.

"We'll have the gig," he said, "the launch draws too much water for inshore work; especially in shoal water, where there's likely rocks."

So the next day they all set off together, only the splashing of the oars disturbing the glassy surface of the sea. From Porto-Fino, where arcaded dwellings meet the tideless Mediterranean, they skirted the coast, below bold brown cliffs, along which the road runs as on a cornice.

Both girls gave a cry of delight when, rounding the little pine-clad promontory, they saw the pearl-white villas of Santa Margherita lying like a lace veil over the olives, which slope gently upwards to the hill of Ruta. Row upon row of painted barges, with their loads of sand and flour, lay dozing, their tapering spars sloped into serpentine reflections on the lazy water.

Then, with the regular music of the sob of oars, they rounded a second point crowned with terraced gardens, church, and pine trees, creeping on beside a sloping avenue of cypresses until they entered the jewelled casket of Saint Michael's bay.

“ Look! look! ” whispered Yvette, “ I do believe that’s the Painter; he said he was going to try to draw a boat he’s seen at San Michele. Yes, I’m sure it is: let’s surprise him! ”

“ Easy all! ” called the mate gently, and the gig glided silently into the bay, behind the solitary stooping figure absorbed in the joy of painting.

He was seated at the end of a low spit of rock which looked back on the row of old stone houses, gay with fluttering rags, which rises abruptly from the shallows. The gig came quite close to him as he sat in his world apart; then a gentle voice called softly, “ Hello, Painter! ” and the spell was broken.

“ They are lovely boats,” said the girls, as they examined the sketch, for the Painter had joined their party, “ and doesn’t the washing look jolly hanging out to dry ? ” added Marietta.

“ You might have let me finish it,” said the Painter plaintively, “ there was a lovely check tablecloth up in the right-hand corner I’ll never paint now! ”

As they swept past the Casino or Kursaal, standing above its artificial caves, and gay with bunting, they rose and fell gracefully on the waves made by the fussy little launch which plies between Rapallo and Porto-Fino.

“ Where shall we go now? ” asked the girls, as soon as they had disembarked on the broad Marina dei Pescatori, the old Roman way which led to the little harbour, Porticciuolo.

“ I remember a pretty walk through the town and up the hill to the right; there’s a most attractive school house from which you get a fine view,” said the Painter. So they strolled off under their parasols, making purple patches of shadow on the dazzling flagstones; past groups of busy lace-makers, to the gateway which marked the site of the ancient castle of the Saline: so named because the Dorias, five hundred years ago, had won the right of boiling down sea-water into useful salt.

But they didn’t get to the famous view after all; for at the end



SAN MICHELE

of the cobbled street, bright with flowers and fruit, and with all the pale golden wealth of pasta. . . .

("You're getting very aeroplaneey," says a voice beside me.) Pasta is macaroni, vermicelli, and things like that. As I was saying, at the end of the arcaded roadway they all caught sight of the magic letters ANTICHITA.

"I believe the Painter knew that old curiosity shop was there all the time!" said Marietta.

CHAPTER XVII

SAN FRUTTUOSO

One of these lives is a fancy,
But the other one is true.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

“ JACQUELINE’S coming to tea to-day,” said Inez, as the three sat at breakfast. The sun streamed in on the oranges piled on a green faience dish and turned them into molten gold.

“ WHO! ” cried Yvette and Marietta in chorus.

“ Jacqueline,” repeated Inez, a little surprised at their excitement, “ she’s the little French girl I told you about, just too cunning for words; she’ll tickle you to death with her cute ways! Her Momma lives in the villa we pass on the way up to the Castello. Her cousin is there too, another little girl with a name like a boy.”

“ Is it Christian? ” said Yvette, trembling with excitement.

“ Say, how did you guess that, do you know them ? ” said Inez, still more surprised.

“ We’ve never seen them, but we’re certain that Jacqueline is very dark and Christian very fair, and . . . please! please! don’t say Jacqueline’s name isn’t d’Ossude.”

“ It doesn’t begin with a D,” said Inez, and her two companions groaned, “ but the last part sounds all right; her name’s Ossude.”

“ It’s her! It’s her! ” cried Yvette and Marietta, forgetting their grammar in their excitement, as they danced round the breakfast table.

Inez looked puzzled. "Then you do know her," she said.

"We don't and we do! We don't and we do!" sang the two girls: then, seeing that their kind hostess was getting a little mad, as Americans say, calmed down and told Inez all they knew about the Doria Lantern, Countess Jacqueline, and her Castle of St. André.

Then there was a wild rush through the garden door to the terrace where Mr. Hoffmann and the Painter were sitting together on the marble balustrade.

"We've found Jacqueline!" cried the two girls breathlessly; "she's coming here to tea."

Then, as the Painter looked up in amazement, Yvette told the story of their discovery.

"I guess that's strange," said their host, taking his cigar out of his mouth, and looking at it as if it could tell him something.

"You're quite certain her name is Ossude?" asked the Painter.

"It sure is," said Mr. Hoffmann, "her father's a tall man with a black beard; I've met him; he often runs down here from Paris for a day or two. But say, put me wise about that tree they talk about with the long name."

"They mean the genealogical tree," said the Painter laughing, "the curator of the Museum at Avignon very kindly made it out for me: I have it in my pocket. It only takes us to the year 1650 or thereabouts, so there's a big gap to fill up," and the two bent over the curator's paper.

"Say, Inez," said her father, looking up, "'phone Mrs. Ossude to come around as well as her kid, and send Miss Christian an invite too:" and Inez ran off.

"Now you two girls had better get ready for the trip to San Fruttuoso," said the Painter; "you mustn't keep Captain Angus and the launch waiting."

"May we pick a bunch of flowers to give Jacqueline's old Admiral, the other Jacqueline, I mean, just to show we still think of him?" asked Yvette, turning to Mr. Hoffmann.

“The garden is at your service, my dear,” he replied.

A little later the launch of the Steam Yacht *Fairyland* carried our happy party round the rocky headland which juts out beyond the Castello. Away to their left lay Rapallo, with its row of white houses basking in the sun; while to the eastward stretched the blue hills of the Seaboard of the Sunrise, Riviera di Levante, dying into haze in the far distance.

San Fruttuoso lies at the head of a tiny bay just round the promontory; it can only be approached from the land side by a steep and rocky footpath leading down the wooded cliffs which overhang it. Those of you who have visited Torquay will have seen something a little like it at Anstey's Cove.

No better site could have been found near Genoa for the last resting-place of their great family of sea captains; old Andrea Doria is lulled in his last sleep by the everlasting murmur of the sea he loved so well.

A skiff manned by a swarthy Ligurian boatman, with gold rings in his ears and the inevitable thin twisted cigar in his mouth, put off to the launch and took them ashore.

“I wonder if we'll find out anything here,” whispered Yvette to Marietta, as they made their way carefully down the stone steps which led from the big church to the little Chapel crypt below.

Their friend the Abbé had met them at the landing stage, and he showed them the tombs which stand round the walls. When they came to that of Andrea, you can imagine how the girls examined every inch of the worn marble surface, and the wall above.

Suddenly Marietta gave a little cry of joy. “Come here, Painter,” she said softly, “I'm certain I can see something cut on the wall over the inscription. Look! Look! there's the thing with three legs; I can see it distinctly.”

They all clustered round, and the Painter struck a match, for the bright sunlight outside made the Chapel seem very dark.

“You're quite right,” he said, “there's the funny little beetle

alongside, and farther on," he continued, moving the match, "there's that puzzling word 'ovis'; only there seems to me to be a space between the *o* and the *vis*."

"There's a tiny dot and a gap between the *vi* and the *s* too," said Marietta craning forward. "It looks to me as if it might be *o* six *s*, you know the kind of six they call Roman numerals, not letters at all. O VI S," she said triumphantly, "that's what I believe it is!"

"I guess the kid's right," said Mr. Hoffmann.

The old Abbé, much interested, sent the custodian off for a candle: a thorough investigation was made, and they all agreed that Marietta's interpretation of the letters she had discovered was the right one.

"Giuseppe, the old boatswain, was right after all," said the Painter, "he had given his old master the key of the hiding-place of his treasure too, cut in the stone above his tomb."

A further search was made, but they discovered nothing else; so Inez, Yvette, and Marietta laid their offering of bright flowers on the cool, grey marble, and followed the others through the church and out into the sunlight.

They had a merry luncheon picnic in the fragrant woods above the old monastery.

"Now M. l'Abbé," said the Painter, when they were comfortably seated on the dry moss and fragrant thyme after luncheon. "We want your help. The word we thought was *Ovis* turns out to be *O vi* and *S*. I can't help thinking it must have something to do with navigation. What about the points of the compass? Have you any idea how the mariner's compass would be marked on the 'portulani,' that's the word for chart, I think, about the end of the sixteenth century?"

"It is indeed somewhat of a puzzle," said the Abbé smiling; "let us consider carefully. It comes to my mind that I have somewhere read that the old ships steered by the stars. But one would think they must certainly have had the words for north, south, east, and west. In ancient days they called them by the winds, did they not? Boreas and the rest. Ah, now it comes more clearly to me; of

course they would, in the time of Doria, call the points of the compass by the wind which prevailed in that quarter. North would be *Tramontana*, no doubt; east, *Levante*; but very old weathercocks have a cross instead of an L."

"T and L won't do, will they; please try again," said Yvette eagerly. "Isn't there an O or an S?"

"It's awfully exciting," chimed in Marietta.

"There's *Ponente*, of course, for west," the Abbé continued; "Greco again would be north-east; south was *Ostro*—"

"I guess that's the O!" cried Inez; "what's next it? do tell."

"South-west is *Libeccio*. I have it! *Scirocco*, south-east."

"*Ostro* 6 *Scirocco*—six degrees south south-east," cried the Painter, "*Vive M. l'Abbé!* Accept our most grateful thanks; you've solved the puzzle of the sheep. We'll all sleep better to-night; we've been racking our brains over that miserable *Ovis*."

"We must give M. l'Abbé a box of nougat," said Marietta.

"Now there's only the beetle left," said Yvette; "it's your turn to find that out, Inez: Marietta and I have each done one."

"If you find out what the little bug means, Inez," said her father laughing, "I guess we'll give your Ching a new collar."

After a ramble in the woods they found their way back to the shore, and the motor launch was soon buzzing through the still water round the headland and home again.

Yvette and Marietta, wild with excitement, counted the minutes to the time their guests for tea were expected.

"There they are!" they cried, as the old bell jangled, and in another minute a tall fair lady was shown into the room, followed by two little girls, who ran at once to greet Inez.

One of the two was strangely dark, with the rich complexion that tells of southern sun; her hair was raven black, and she had the most perfect features that Yvette and Marietta had ever seen. She was about nine, while her companion, a year or two older, was as fair as she was dark.

I wonder if you've guessed which of them was Jacqueline?

Mr. Hoffmann introduced the Painter to Mme. Ossude.

"My friend's got a kind of a document which will interest you," he told her. "Did Mr. Ossude ever speak about his family coming from Avignon?"

"There's a tradition in his family that they came from the Midi," she said. "I suppose that's why Jacqueline has the true Provençal colouring; *viens ici, ma chérie*, and let M. Hoffmann and his friend judge if thou hast the kiss of the southern sun."

"But I guess her cousin, little Miss Christian, is a blonde," said Mr. Hoffmann.

"*C'est bien vrai!*" said Mme. Ossude, "it seems they are not always of the colour of the south. Unfortunately, my husband's ancestor lost his life in the Revolution: he was what they called aristocrat. His papers were all confiscated or burnt, except those that were in his son's possession when he escaped.

Hélas! there were more misfortunes: for in the dreadful time of the Commune my husband's grandfather lost his home and all it contained. So we know nothing of the history of the family."

"It's time we had our tea," said their host; "afterwards we'll hear what my friend has found out about those namesakes of yours who lived at Avignon."

So after tea the Painter told them in his best French the whole history of the Doria Lantern, little Jacqueline listening with wondering eyes at the story of the capture of her namesake by the Turkish pirates. "That's why I'm called Christian," said her companion, as the story went on.

"I must show this to Guy, M. Ossude I mean, for my little son is Guy too," said Mme. Ossude, when the Painter had displayed the family tree. "How content he will be to find out about his lost ancestors. Without doubt we must pay a visit to thy old castle of Saint André, *Jacqueline chérie*. So the Englishman who called thee Princesse was not very wrong, for thou art rightly the Comtesse

Jacqueline d'Ossude de Saint André. *Viens m'embrasser ma petite Comtesse!* ”

“ So now nothing remains but to find the lantern,” said the Painter, laughing. “ Countess Jacqueline, her mother, and Christian are found: old Andrea Doria is sleeping close by; Giuseppe’s words have been proved true: we know that the three-legged swastika means Sicily, and that *ovis* is really six degrees S.S.E.”

“ But I guess you haven’t caught that bug yet!” said Mr. Hoffmann.



St. Maria della Salute
Rapallo

RAPALLO

CHAPTER XVIII

LE FORMICHE

“OH, that beetle,” sighed Yvette, “I know we’ll never catch it! Your daddy calls it a bug,” she added, turning to Inez.

“Well, it is a bug,” said Inez.

The three girls were sitting in the sun on the terrace at the Castello after breakfast; the sea was a deep blue, and they could see a tiny boat, which dazzled them by the whiteness of its sail, between the twisted branches of the pine trees.

The sky, according to Marietta, simply fizzed with sunshine.

“I vote we go down to the *Fairyland* and see if Captain Angus can’t think of something,” suggested Yvette, after a long pause. “Don’t scratch the pebbles with that stick, Marietta. It makes them so untidy!”

“I guess he’d know what six degrees S.S.E. means; come along!” and Inez ran down the zigzag path leading down to the sea, followed by her two friends.

A few minutes later they were seated round the Captain of the Steam Yacht *Fairyland*, who was enjoying a quiet pipe on the bridge. He was just exactly what the captain of a big steam yacht should be; with a bronzed and weatherbeaten face, kindly eyes with little wrinkles all round them, and bushy eyebrows. His face was clean shaven, except that under his chin there was a fringe of grizzled grey beard; like a sort of woolly comforter, as Marietta described it.

The girls poured out their story.

“And we’ve still to find out what he meant by the beetle or ant,” said Yvette.

"Bug," corrected Inez.

"Well, bug if you like," said Yvette; "whatever it is, we can't make it out."

Captain Angus lifted his peaked cap and passed his hand softly over his hair.

"You say the ship sailed from the Port of Genoa," he said thoughtfully; "in that case I guess they'd take all their bearings from the old lighthouse which stands above the harbour: the Phare it's called."

"The Painter says you find pictures of the Phare on the back of the majolica which was made at Savona and places near there years and years ago," said Yvette.

"Yes, missie, that old beacon must have shown a light to guide your old friend the Admiral's ship home again after he had been after those Turks. So it will certainly be six degrees S.S.E. from the lighthouse that old Giuseppe, we'll call him Joe for short, the bo'sun, meant. Come along into the Chart-room and I'll show you where that would land us: somewhere in Corsica, I guess."

"Oh, please, not Corsica!" said Yvette anxiously, "that wouldn't do for the swastika with the three legs, you see."

So they all trooped into the chart-room, just behind where they had been sitting.

"Here's the Phare at Genoa," said the Captain, as he spread out a chart on the polished locker; "now we'll lay a straight-edge and set off six degrees in the right direction, allowing, of course, for the difference of the magnetic variation in those days; but don't worry your little heads about what that means." And he laid a ruler so that one end rested on the lighthouse at Genoa. After a little manœuvring he looked up.

"Now it lies six S.S.E.," he said, "can any of your young eyes see where it points to? I guess it misses Corsica after all."

Inez bent over the polished mahogany and peered closely at the chart just where the end of the ruler lay.

"There are two little dots like islands," she said, "and the corner of a big place with all sorts of little numbers speckled all round it."

"That'll be the shoal water round the nor'-westerly end of Sicily, I guess," said the Captain. "Those figures give the depth of the water in fathoms; but what two little islands are they. Can you figure out the names?"

"Just move the ruler a scrap, it's over the name of the biggest one where the letter T is," said Inez; "after the T there are the letters R and A and P. . . ."

"Ah, that's Trapani," said Captain Angus, "on the mainland; what we want is the island."

"Here it is," said Inez, and she spelt out slowly the letters L-E and F-O-R-M-I-C-H-E, "I guess that's a funny sort of name."

Yvette and Marietta leaned over to see better. Suddenly Yvette cried, "Inez has found the beetle! only it's an ant; don't you see, Marietta, Le Formiche, the Italian for THE ANTS!"

"I thought you said they were islands a minute ago," said Marietta.

"So they are, but they're called ants, don't you see! that's what old Giuseppe meant by his drawing. Inez has found her bug, and Ching shall have his new collar! Oh I'm so glad! Do tell us all about them, please, Captain Angus. Where do you think the Doria Lantern will be hidden; are there lots of caves? Can we go there to-morrow and see?"

"As far as I remember, those two islands off Trapani are flat little bits of things," he replied: "one of them has got a kind of old fort on it and a village; but they're both too low-lying to have any caves, I guess. We could get right there in a couple of days if the boss says go, and the weather holds up; there's good anchorage at Trapani."

"Come along Inez! let's ask your daddy," cried Yvette. "Thank you so much, Captain Angus," she added politely, holding out her hand, "we should never have found out about the beetle without your help."

"Bug," said Inez.

The three friends climbed the hill again, and the Painter and Mr. Hoffmann heard the whole story when they came in for luncheon.

“ I guess Mr. Ching has earned his collar! ” said Mr. Hoffmann.

“ Is it very far to Sicily? ” asked Yvette, who could not restrain her anxiety to be off on the hunt.

“ I guess it would take a couple of days or less on the *Fairyland*, ” said Mr. Hoffmann. “ It depends on the weather of course. I was thinking of giving you girls a run round the Riviera towns for a few days: Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo, and Mentone: but perhaps you would like a run down to Trapani instead.”

“ Oh, PLEASE! ” came in chorus from three little throats.



SICILIAN SEAS

CHAPTER XIX

GIUSEPPE'S CACHE

Six mine eyes can search as they list,
But the seventh hollow is brimmed with mist,
If aught were there it might not be wist.
D. G. ROSSETTI.

THE author is longing to get on with the hunt for the Doria Lantern, so he's not going to give you a long description of the voyage from Porto-Fino to Trapani.

Yvette and Marietta deserved good weather after the two dreadfully rough crossings they had undergone: first from Folkestone to Boulogne, on their way to Florence and the Torre; then from New-haven to Dieppe.

You can see how glassy the sea was by looking at the picture the Painter took of a big Orient liner, as she passed them on her way from the land of palms and orchids.

"I wish we could go to Ceylon one day," sighed Marietta, "how sorry the poor people must be to be coming back to fogs and things."

"You mustn't forget that it means home to them," said Yvette gently, "and home's everything!"

The quiet moon smiled down on the *Fairyland* as, with a tinkle on her signal bell, she came to rest under the hills of Trapani.

As white as a lily glimmered she,
Like a ship's fair ghost upon the sea.

"There's your ant heap," said Captain Angus, pointing to a tiny islet cutting sharply across the broad silver band which made a sparkling path towards the moon. "The second of the two Formiche lies

just beyond. To-morrow we'll have the mate in and hold a council of war."

"That will be fun!" cried the children.

So next morning Mr. John Goldring was sent for and the case put before him by the Captain.

"Let me think," he said, after a pause, "I've a sailing ship disabled by a storm; I'm off the nor'west coast of Sicily not far from Trapani. Where do I hail from?"

"You're from the Port of Genoa, and an old ship," said the Captain.

"What time of year would it be?" he asked.

"That's a bit of a puzzle," Captain Angus admitted, "but see here, those Turks weren't around in those seas in the winter gales; nor yet the Spaniards. It ain't sense to think an old ship would go for a pleasure trip when there'd likely be bad weather."

"Titania said the ship was on an errand of mercy," said Yvette, "which meant chasing pirates who had burnt villages or something."

"I guess your friend knew; but that don't settle the season, missie."

"Why I want to know," said the mate, "is because the winter weather comes up mostly from westerly: in the summer you get the Sirocco and the Levanter from the east. Now if it had been a westerly gale I shouldn't play any monkey tricks with an old sailing ship dodging around the islands off Trapani. I'd have run free until I could slip under the lee of Sicily, off Messina, and lie up there in smooth water for repairs. But if it was a south-easter I was up against, I'd slip round to Trapani as soon as may be."

"I guess you've horse sense in you, Mr. Goldring," said Captain Angus. "We'll make it so. Our ship's off Trapani with the two Formiche to the westward and an offshore wind. Old Joe, the bo'sun, would make the nearest island in his boat with the wind behind him; he wouldn't need oars, which was all the better, as the Spaniards might have heard him.

There's an old square tower on that island just northerly from the fort. I guess it had a beacon in those days; old Joe would steer by that. But there's no good landing for a skiff there barring one little sandy bay between low rocks; and if there was any swell he'd have been hard put to make it without help."

"But the Fairies were helping him," said Marietta, "I know they were."

"If that's so, missie," said the Captain smiling, "I guess the old man made that little cove, and that's where you'll find your lantern."

"You are clever," said Yvette, with admiration. "I know we'll get it back."

"Now Miss Inez, I guess it's up to you," said Captain Angus, "if your poppa says go, we'll have the gig out and prospect. Mr. Goldring will see if the engineer can lend us a spade, there are plenty of shovels, but they're clumsy for digging; and we'll treasure-seek some."

"I hope it won't be like Cleopatra's Treasure," said Yvette.

They told Mr. Hoffmann all about the council of war, and he readily consented to make the expedition as the day was fine.

"We'll take our luncheon and make a picnic of it," he said cheerily, "but I guess you'll find hunting a lantern in an ant heap the size of this Formica, much like hunting a needle in a haystack. But say," he added, "if you don't find your saint or his shrine I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll have a first-class copy of your friend Titania's Lantern made when I come to London, that is if she'll lend it to us, and we'll send it out to the Abbé to be put up over the old Admiral's tomb."

"It's awfully kind of you," said Yvette, "though it won't be quite the same."

"I expect the Admiral and Jacqueline, the other one I mean, and old Giuseppe will be awfully pleased to know we've done our best," said Marietta.

"I guess we can't do more than that," said Inez.

Shortly afterwards the party set off with a big basket, full of good

things, stowed in the stern sheets of the gig: for in spite of the time of year the glass was high and the sea calm.

The cove the Captain had spoken of runs a little way inland about a quarter of a mile to the north of a square stone tower, one of those watch towers which date back to the times when warning must be given of the approach of the dreaded Saracens, Turks, or, later on, Spanish marauders.

The gig ran in between low-lying rocks until her keel grated on the soft sand at the head of the little inlet. Low red sandstone rocks hemmed in the cove, while farther inland a few goats, tended by a boy, clambered about nibbling the stray leaves which grew on stunted bushes.

The steward chose a convenient cranny to stow his luncheon basket and set to work with his preparations for the meal.

Mr. Goldring was seized upon by the three girls, and shouldering the one spade, set off on a tour round the low wall of rock.

"Your friend the bo'sun would have left some mark where he buried that lantern," he told them, "so you young ladies must look out for anything like a cut or a scratch on the rocks."

"I guess they all look cut and scratched," said Inez ruefully.

"Now, missie, I'm going to pretend to be old Joe," said the kindly mate, who was entering into the spirit of the hunt: "I've a big load to carry and there's a bit of a south-easterly gale blowing; why, I'm on the wrong side of the cove; there's a northerly breeze to-day, what little there is, so we landed on the north or lee side of the shore: but, of course, with the wind blowing up southerly I'd have landed in smooth water on the other side. Come along over here. I shouldn't have gone far in this deep sand you bet!"

"My shoes are full of it already," said Marietta.

"I expect Giuseppe didn't have shoes; sailors didn't, I've seen pictures of them," said Yvette.

"That's where I'd have made for," said the mate, pointing to a little hollow in the rocks in front of them.

"Luncheon!" shouted the Painter.

"Oh bother!" came in chorus from the lantern seekers.

"Just as we're getting hot, too," said Yvette.

"We've nearly found it," said Marietta in so confident a voice as they came back that both Mr. Hoffmann and the Painter laughed heartily. "We'll come and help after luncheon," they said; "we must be in at the death!"

"I wish there were Fairies in Italy now," sighed Yvette. "I suppose Sicily counts as Italy. I know they'd help us."

"My dear Yvette," said the Painter, "you don't suppose that our good friend Queen Titania would lose a chance like this of revisiting her old haunts! Didn't you know she was with us in Grey Fairy, and she's been flashing about the good yacht *Fairyland* ever since. Why of course she's here!"

"Oh, it is nice to think that," said Yvette, quite comforted.

"Now for it," said the Painter, getting up and stretching himself.

"I guess I'll just finish my cheroot, and join you later," said Mr. Hoffmann, "your Fairy friend might think me a crowd: I guess we're not so chummy with Queens in the States as you are!"

The rest of the party set off across the sand, the mate leading. The girls peered anxiously at the rocks on each side of the gully.

"There's something here that looks like a hole in the rock, but it's nearly choked up with sand," said Yvette, and the others ran to see. Inez pushed aside a twisted branch which hung down over the face of the rock, and Marietta, peering under it, gave a cry of joy.

"There's something that looks like a cross cut in the rock!" she exclaimed, "there is really. Come and look, quick!"

"I expect it's only two cracks crossing each other," said the Painter, as he and the mate came up: and he bent down to look where she pointed.

"I believe she's right," he said, "it looks as if it had been cut, and it's a rough kind of Maltese cross, not just an ordinary one. Clear away a bit of the sand and see if there really is a hole under it."

Trembling with excitement the three girls dropped on their knees and scratched away the sand with their fingers, like terriers round a rabbit hole.

"Let me help," said the mate, "my spade will do the work much quicker, and you'll likely spoil your frocks."

So they let him dig.

"It's a hole sure enough," he said when he had cleared away a dozen spadefuls of sand and loose stones, "but it seems to be blocked up." He dug a little more and then examined the result.

"It looks as if someone has built these stones in, one by one, to block it up, they're too regular to have just been washed in by the sea," said the Painter, running his hand over the surface. "Have you anything we can pick them out with? They're wedged in very firmly."

Just then Mr. Hoffmann strolled up. "You seem pretty busy," he said, "has Her Majesty put you wise?"

"There really is something like a 'cache' here," said the Painter, "it's marked with a Maltese Cross; but we can't get the stones away."

"Say, that's a sure thing," said Mr. Hoffmann when he had examined the hole and the mark above it. "Tell one of the gig hands to semaphore to the *Fairyland* for a pick, Mr. Goldring, and tell them to look lively!"

The three girls were too excited to speak, and it seemed a century before the dinghy appeared in answer to the summons.

A few strokes of the pick dislodged the upper stones and eager hands tore the rest away. Inside was a torn piece of sail-cloth.

Through one of the rents they could see a piece of tarnished metal.

Very carefully the Painter and Mr. Hoffmann drew a barrel-shaped object, wrapped in the cloth, from the hole into which it had been thrust and stood it up tenderly on the soft sand.

The rotted sail-cloth fell away, and there, at their feet, was

THE DORIA LANTERN.

CHAPTER XX

JACQUELINE'S GIFT

It is given willingly,
It is given freely ;
May God bless the gift !
And the giver !
Amen !

The Golden Legend.

“ **W**HAT a wonderful craftsman Benvenuto was,” said the Painter, as he passed his hand lovingly over the chased silver, “ if only Titania’s copy could have reproduced the tiny figures which he introduced so skilfully to decorate the dome at the top ! ”

They were all admiring the lantern on board the *Fairyland* on the evening of their treasure hunt. The girls were almost too full of happiness to talk ; it had been such a wonderful day ! They could hardly believe it wasn’t all a dream, and that they would wake up at the Castello.

“ I don’t think it can be Saint Elmo,” the Painter went on, “ he would hardly have had an adoring angel at his feet. It looks to me far more like a Risen Christ, but without the Banner He usually carries. It’s a pity the statuette has been so damaged, but one cannot expect a relic of the fourteenth century to be perfect.”

Then he laid the shrine tenderly on its side so that they could see if anything could be gleaned from the ornament on the base.

“ Look ! Look ! ” cried Yvette, “ it’s a silver rose ; and it’s shaped just like the badge we used to wear before we were Star-Maidens.”

"I guess your friend Cellini wouldn't have known of the Order of Queen Titania," said Mr. Hoffmann; "what was its name?"

"The Fairy Kiss!" came in chorus from the girls.

"Yes, that's it; but say, I thought you said there were no Fairies in Italy, Mr. Painter."

"There were plenty there at the time the shrine was made," said the Painter, "the Italians couldn't have made all that beautiful Renaissance work without their help. Benvenuto Cellini may not have actually been a Companion of Queen Titania's Order, but you never know!"

You children mustn't stay up to all hours to-night; it's been a very exciting and tiring day," he went on, "so say good-night and be off to your state-rooms. I wonder why they are called state-rooms," he added.

"If you saw where Inez sleeps you'd know," said Marietta, "you never saw such a state as she keeps hers in," and she bolted before Inez could catch her.

"It's as well we found that lantern when we did," said Mr. Hoffmann, as the two sat alone together, "for I've had a cable from New York to say I must come over to the States for a spell. I've been looking up steamers, and I find the *Cryptic* leaves Naples in ten days; so I've time to see you back to the Castello, and fix up things there."

"Shall you take Inez with you?" asked the Painter.

"I guess not, I'm only running over for a couple of weeks, perhaps for less. Say, I've an idea!"

"Your idea at the Palazzo Superba was such an excellent one that I hope this will be equally brilliant," said the Painter laughing.

"How would it be for you to take the three girls with Nanny for a run in your old friend the Humber—Grey Fairy I mean. I'm glad Miss Yvette didn't hear me!" said Mr. Hoffmann.

"I've a standing invitation from my friend at the Torre della Pace at Fiesole to bring the children there any time I like," said the



SAN FRUTTUOSO

Painter; "he's awfully amused at the game they played with the frogs. He'd be delighted to see Inez too, I know. But I wish you could have come as well."

"So do I," said Mr. Hoffmann, "but say, how would it be if I joined you at Venice? do you think you could get as far as that?"

"Talk of Fairy Godmothers," said the Painter, "you're the completest Fairy Godfather I've ever heard of: Yvette and Marietta will be simply wild with excitement at the idea of seeing the most beautiful city in the world, as I've always told them it is; and having Inez will make it all the pleasanter for them."

"That's settled then," said Mr. Hoffmann, "don't forget to tote Titania around with you!"

"A seat shall be reserved for Her Iridescence!" said the Painter laughing.

On their return to the Castello our three girls were not long in letting their friend the Abbé know of the success of their hunting.

"You'll get a place for the lantern made over the Admiral's tomb, won't you?" said Inez, "my poppa is going to New York, so it'll have to be done right now, please."

"This very day I will give the necessary instructions," said M. l'Abbé, "when does thy father start?"

"He goes on Saturday, I think," said Inez.

"To-day is Monday; I wonder if Thursday will suit," said the Abbé thoughtfully; "let me think, that will be the 19th, and the month is March: it is therefore the Feast of San Giuseppe."

"That's the saint the old boatswain was called after, Giuseppe, you know," cried Yvette joyfully. "It must have been his birthday. You couldn't have chosen a better day!"

Yvette and Marietta jumped out of bed and ran to the window early on Thursday morning.

"It's perfectly lovely and the sea's as calm as I don't know what,"

cried Marietta, " I do hope Jacqueline and the others will be able to come."

Everything turned out happily. Mme. Ossude, the rightful Countess Jacqueline d'Ossude de Saint André, and her cousin Christian arrived punctually.

The Doria Lantern was carried tenderly and reverently down the steep path to the launch of the Steam Yacht *Fairyland*, and the party set off for San Fruttuoso.

Their old friend M. l'Abbé met them on the landing stage.

They found the Chapel Crypt of the Doria bright with flowers and blazing with candles. There was a dainty marble niche set in the rock over old Andrea's last resting-place, just above the signs cut by the faithful Giuseppe.

Jacqueline was hoisted up to the worn marble slab on which the Doria arms were carved.

The " luck " of the Admiral's old ship was lifted up to her, and helped by stronger hands she placed it safely in the niche.

Round the tomb stood M. l'Abbé, Christian, Mme. Ossude, Mr. Hoffmann, Inez, the Painter, Yvette, and Marietta; while in the background stood Captain Angus, Mr. Goldring (the mate), and Mr. Davies.

As Jacqueline was lifted down she gave a little exclamation. " Something brushed against my cheek," she said.

" It must have been a moth," said Marietta.

" I know it wasn't a moth," said Yvette, " it was

THE FAIRY KISS!"

GLOSSARY

BUG: American for Insect.



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